The Bystander, February 11, 1914.—No. 532. Vol. XLI.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Rita Martin*

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On Various Topics of the Day

The Opening of Parliament

By the time these lines appear Parliament will be open. The King will have delivered the Speech made for him by his Ministers after half-a-dozen successive Cabinet Councils. He will have been thanked for making this "gracious" speech (in whose terms he will have had little or no part), and then he will be told what a regretful thing it would be if he did not take the opinion of his people before passing "grave constitutional changes."

***

Hope for the Opposition

Here, we think, the Opposition is on the strongest ground it has been on since it took anti-office. Pretend what they like, Ministers cannot get away from the fact that they didn't say they were going to do it—pass Home Rule, I mean—at the last General Election. All they can say is that anybody might have known they would if they got the chance, which is quite another matter.

***

A Big Change

Home Rule, good or bad as it may be for Ireland—we are wobblers as to that—is a change in the constitution of the United Kingdom. It deprives the people of Great Britain from having anything to say on the affairs of Ireland, while it gives to Ireland the right to send forty members to say what they like on the affairs of Great Britain.

***

English Rights

That may be an admirable thing. Irishmen may be such capable and brilliant politicians that they are able to run the Governments of both countries. Englishmen ought, however, to be allowed to say whether they want this one-eyed arrangement foisted upon them. Therefore, we wish all success to the "regrets" of the Opposition.

***

To Paris

So Their Majesties will really go to Paris in April—"if circumstances permit." To a mere Republic, even a friendly and allied one, an unqualified promise is presumably not offerable, as it would be were the prospective host a Kaiser. I do not recall any reservations last year over the visit to Berlin, which, for a private and family reason, was allowed to precede that to Paris. Possibly, however, the "circumstances" anticipated are of a sanguinary character at home.

***

"Sir Grey"

The French will at last have the delight of gazing on the countenance of "Sir Grey"—the greatest statesman of Europe. I hope Sir Edward has, by now, learned at least to *parlez-vous*.

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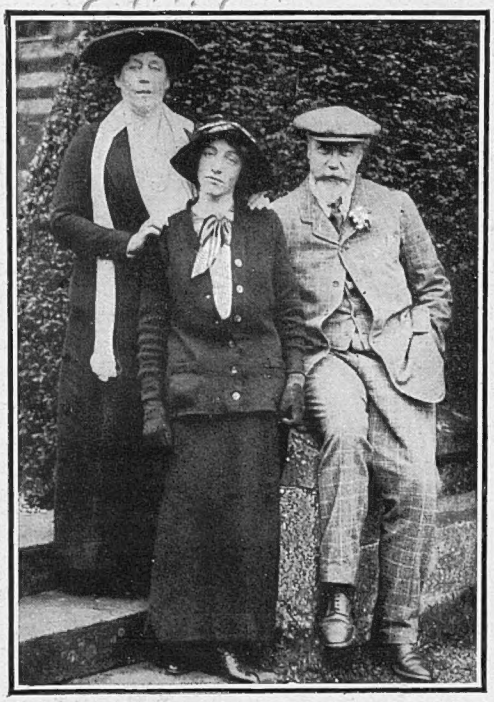


BEFORE STARTING WORK IN GRIM EARNEST

Mr. Speaker rested at Greystoke Castle, Penrith, the residence of Mr. H. C. Howard. Left to right: Lady Mabel Howard, Miss Bertie (niece of Mr. and Lady Howard), and the Speaker

What's Its Name?

Can anybody tell me the name of the paper that publishes, in the first instance, the wonderful rumours about Royalty which are the subject of these regular official denials? For instance, the rumours of the betrothals of the Prince of Wales to one young lady after another, of which we only learn for the first time when they are denied? Where do they originate? Also the story that the young Princes are going for a Colonial tour in August. It is denied. But where did it *appear?* What is the name of this chatty little journal which circulates in Court, but apparently in no other, circles?

***

The Dear Deported

Prayers for the "dear deported" continue to be offered up (if Socialist prayers are offered up), the assumption being that these gentlemen are the victims of grave outrage. I wonder, could one look into their inner hearts, whether the victims are themselves as miserable as are their spokesmen? May they not be as glad to be quit of South Africa as South Africa is to be quit of them? And may not the decks of the *Umgeni* be as restful to them as gaol was to Mr. James Larkin? Of businesses one must be glad to be quit of, labour-leading must be among the first. Whether a strike succeeds or fails, nobody loves its maker.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

"Here We Are Again"

There is a sort of "Here we are again" air about things this week. Parliament reopens after many months, their Majesties are back in Town, the first Court is to be held on Friday, and altogether we

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS DORIEL HAY

Youngest daughter of the late Sir John Hay, of Haystoun, Peeblesshire, and Lola Lady Hay, of 43, Egerton Gardens, whose wedding to Commander Arthur Dutton, R.N., youngest son of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Dutton, takes place to-day, Feb. 11

are, officially, on the threshold of another new era, social and political. If to the ordinary man-in-the-street or the club things seem to be going on and likely to go on much as before, that can only be because he doesn't read his daily papers with sufficient awe, or, perhaps, because he is inclined to be by now just a little cynical.

* * *

The "Brilliance" of Seasons

As to whether the Session is really to be as exciting as we are led to hope—I mean believe—nobody can say, but it is really time the newspaper talk of a "brilliant season in prospect" ceased. Such prophecies have now fallen flat for so many years that they should not be repeated. Whether a "season" is to be brilliant depends largely on whether Society feels in the humour to entertain or to be entertained, and until the time comes nobody can possibly say. The weather has a lot to do with it for one thing: the money market for another: politics for another. So long as the greatest of our noblemen remain the butt of the hatred of the most powerful Ministry of the times, their wives are not likely to give themselves the trouble and expense of social duties. The Court, for its part, can hardly be said to appear to be "brilliantly" inclined in these days of constitutional crisis.

The Merry Month of May

What a nasty jar it would be to the remaining supporters of a summer "season" if that election *should* come off in May—just the month, by the way, in which the King and Queen of Denmark are coming over! On the other hand it is possible that it might effect a wholesome reform, and, by proving that we can, under pressure of circumstances, exist without this obsolescent fetish, pave the way to its abolition once for all.

* * *

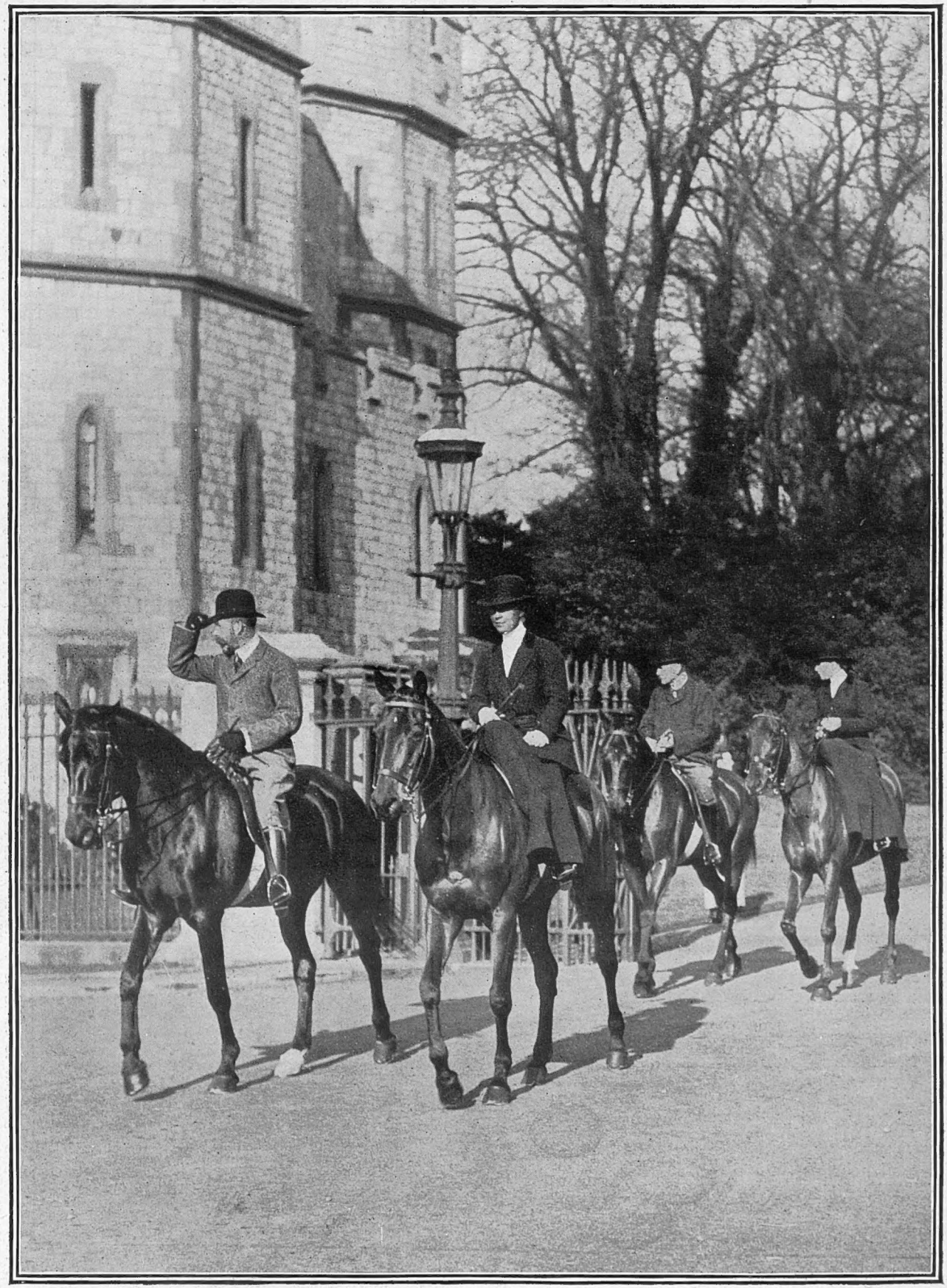
A Legitimate Grievance

A theatre-goer writes: "Could you not use your great influence to remedy what is becoming an intolerable nuisance? I refer to the impossibility of getting taxis after the theatre without subsidising the commissionaires. These gentlemen seem to imagine they hold a kind of monopoly in taxis. The other night I saw a disengaged taxi passing, hailed it—and was promptly supplanted by the commissionaire, who handed it over to some other people in exchange for the customary *douceur!* And I have heard precisely the same complaint from scores of other people. Theatres are expensive enough anyhow without our being forced to pay for the services of a commissionaire to enable us to get away from them." Really the various managements ought to see to this matter.

LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER AND THE HON. SIDNEY PEEL

Whose marriage takes place on the 18th of this month. Lady Adelaide is the eldest daugher of Earl Spencer, and her fiancé is a brother of Lord Peel and a son of the famous Speaker of the House of Commons, who was elected four times in that capacity, from 1884 to 1895

The King Rides Out



The King and Princess Mary, accompanied by Lady Ampthill, a member of the Royal Household, and Lord Stamfordham, his Majesty's Private Secretary, went out for a ride in Windsor Great Park one fine morning last week, when the sun was shining gloriously and the air wonderfully Spring-like. They enjoyed an excellent gallop in the Long Walk and are here seen leaving the Castle gates en route for the Park

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

The New Australian Governor

Australia is, of course, to be congratulated on having so good an Imperialist and so gentlemanly a politician as Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson as its Viceroy. Mr. Ferguson's abilities have not, it is true, been thought worthy of recognition by his party at home during the eight years in which they have reigned, and Cornstalks may pardonably wonder why. The answer is, of course, that it is no affair of theirs. Colonial Governorships under Liberal Governments are the perquisites of gentlemen whose Liberalism is of a kind which is liked better the farther it is kept away. Mr. Ferguson doesn't like Home Rule, and does like the Navy, and is, in short, an Imperialist. So to the Empire he is thrown.

***

Who Will She Be?

Who will be the last of the Militants? Secession is making their numbers less. First they lost Mrs. Billington-Grieg: then Mrs. Despard: then the Pethick Lawrences: now even Sylvia herself has gone into the wilderness. There remain Christabel *et mère*. Which of the twain will go first? Who *will* be the last of the Militants? I think it will be Christabel—in Paris still.

***

The Taxi-King

Albania is to be congratulated on being about to be ruled by a very business-like Prince. His Highness of Wied simply refused to budge, even to Rome or Vienna, until he received £50,000. Before he goes to Albania itself he will require another lump sum. A sort of monarch whom you pay by the mile—a Taxi-King.

***

Concerning Ballymoy

A good deal has been heard lately *apropos* of the "General John Regan" riots in Westport, about Irish sense of humour and the lack of it. But surely there are limits to lengths that sense of humour will go, even the much-vaunted English variety? Imagine a play put on, say, in Birmingham, which relied for its mirth-raising qualities upon "funny" situations in which characters resembling Mr. Chamberlain and Bishop Russell Wakefield were the main purveyors of merriment, and the principal scene was laid in the Victoria Square of that city. I suppose a Birmingham audience would be expected "to have a sense of humour and laugh." But of course it wouldn't. No more did Westport, the original of Ballymoy, and fair-minded people will admire its self-respect.

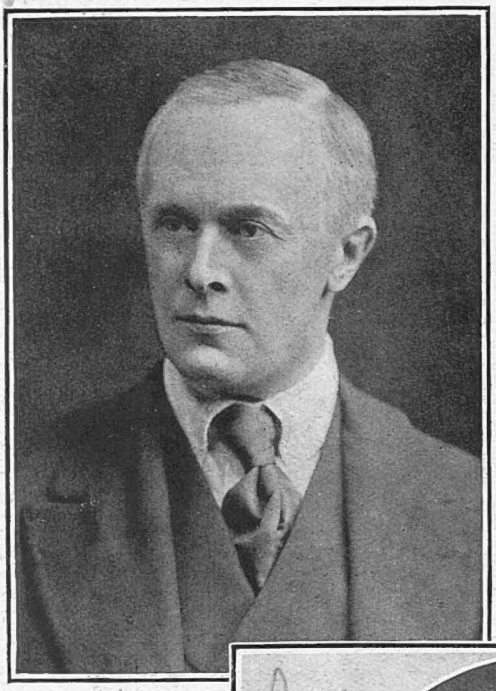


Photo Lafayette, Dublin

THE RT. HON. R. C. AND LADY MUNRO-FERGUSON

Mr. Munro-Ferguson is to succeed Lord Denman in the Governor-Generalship of Australia. He has been M.P. in the Liberal interest for Leith Burghs since 1886. Lady Munro-Ferguson is a daughter of the late Marquis of Dufferin, and before her marriage in 1889 was Lady Helen Blackwood

Perhaps

An interesting symposium of opinion has been collected by one of the newspapers—in the complete absence of important news sometimes characteristic of this time of year—from various lights of the stage, as to who did the best individual acting of the past year. Curiously enough, some of the best-known actor-managers have found themselves unable to reply. Sir George Alexander finds the question "too delicate." Sir Herbert Tree says it is impossible to answer. "I should make one friend — perhaps — and certainly many enemies." That "perhaps" is a confession in itself.

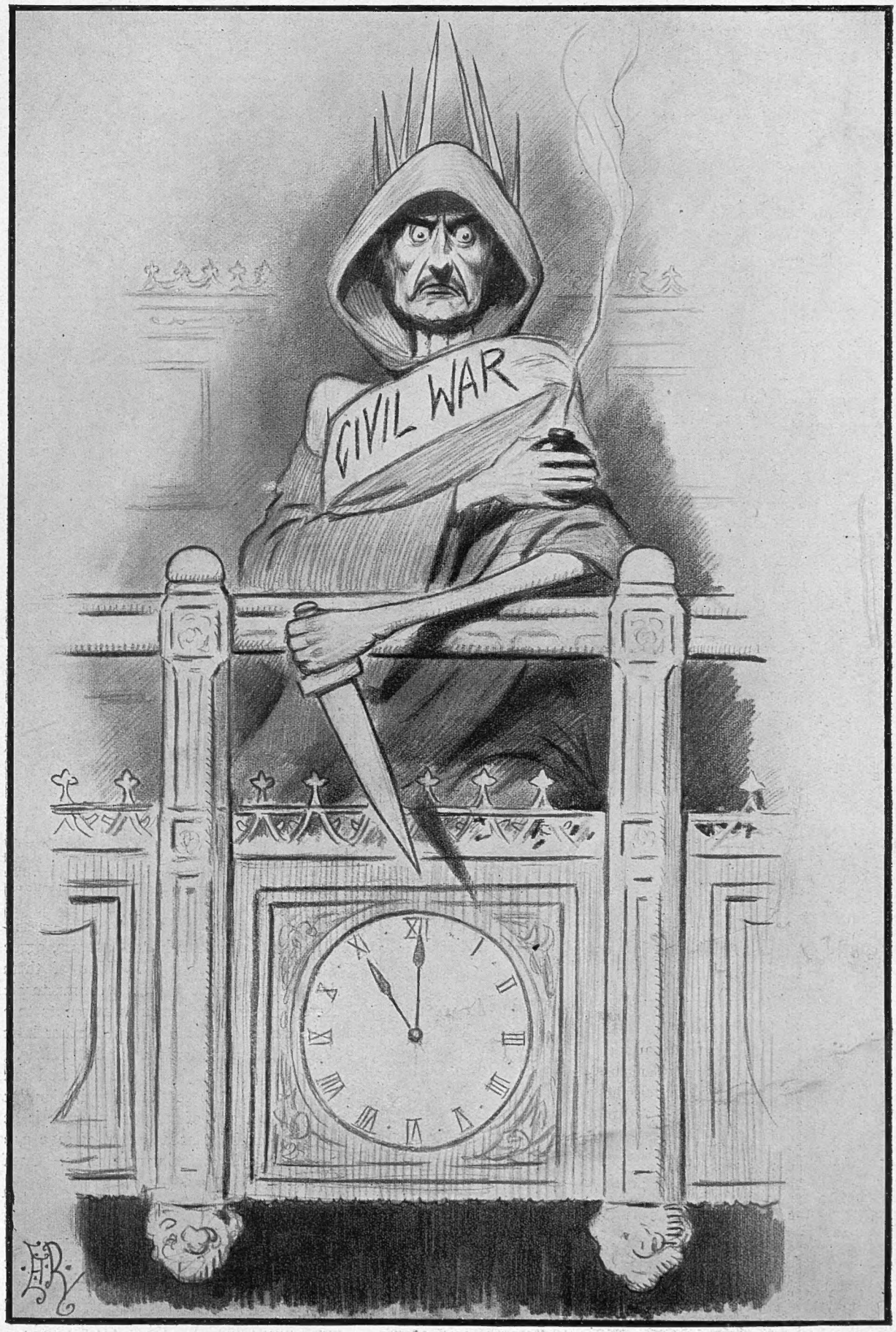
***

Press and Party Politics

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER has accepted an invitation of the National League for Clean Government to give an address on the subject of the "Press and Party Politics" at the Essex Hall, February 25, at 8 p.m. Tickets are obtainable on application to the Secretary of the League, 1, York Buildings, Adelphi.

Photograph Walter Barnett

The Stranger in the Gallery



A STUDY OF AN UNHALLOWED VISITANT WHO WATCHES THE COURSE OF THE DEBATE WITH BREATHLESS INTEREST

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Newsessional

[*In case the Laureate should forget to publish an ode on the opening of Parliament we venture to supply him with one. The Germanic rhythm and the "pause" are a delicate compliment to the Little Navy Party.*]

Little political body / (doth the people's will reign in them?)
Meeting together again / 'neath Westminster's towers,
Now blessed be the Powers / that rule England so fair,
(Said I) if a spark of life / doth awhile remain in them.
But the argumentative sounds / rang wrangling across the floor
Into the world beyond / and the nation cared no more.

Then sped my thought away / to that session of old,
To the Dictator Cromwell / looking down at the table
'Mid the dissonant cries / and the mad romping din,
And like him I said / "Remove this Babel."

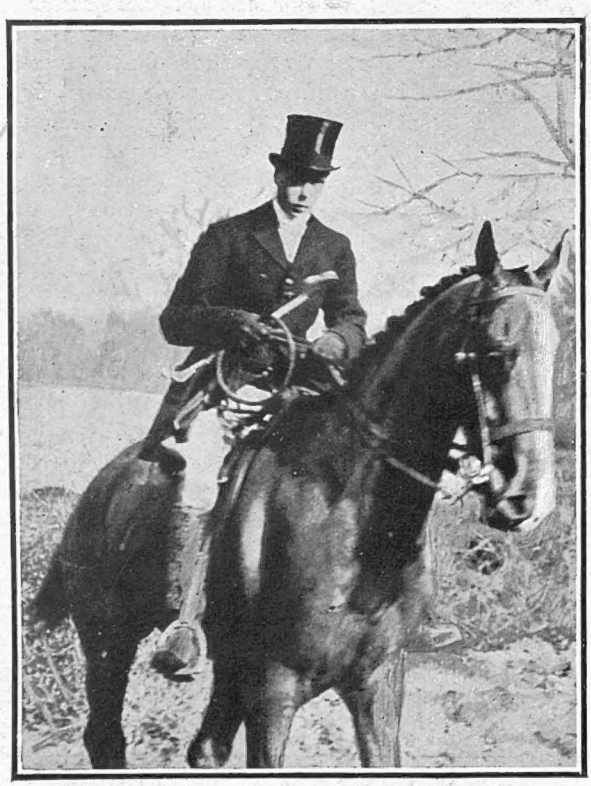
For to me heard afar / it was miserable music,
Party striving with party / for stultification
Each of the other, / and I cried out in my pain
"Give us a party whose ends / are the ends of the nation."

H. W.

A FINE FIELD WITH THE MEYNELL

Photograph

Bottom row (left to right): the Hon. Mary Cavendish, Miss M. Wilmot, Miss D. Maynard, Miss Winifred Maynard, Miss L. Wilson, Mr. A. E. Wright, Major Gisborne, in front of Capt. Price, Mr. Price Abel, Winterbottom, Miss Scott Robson.



Photograph *Sport and General*

OUT WITH THE BICESTER FOXHOUNDS

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales out hunting last week at Charndon Common, Bucks—and, incidentally, thoroughly enjoying himself

The Critics and "Parsifal"

The musical critics have, it seems, agreed more or less about *Parsifal*. None of them discovers the work to be any other than a masterpiece, though there are the usual fatuous attempts to compare it, to its detriment, with Wagner's other later dramas—*Tristan, Die Meistersinger,* and the *Ring*. It is complained that *Parsifal* is less inspired and fuller of "*longueurs*." As to the "inspiration," maybe. A work with a sort of religious purpose is hardly likely to be as exciting as a drama of love or an epic of Paganism, or as amusing as a satire. One is prepared to expect *longueurs*.

* * *

Devotional and Mystic

What the musical critic so often fails to remember is that a music-drama, or even a symphony, may make, at a certain moment, an appeal of its own apart altogether from its purely artistic values. That is certainly the case with *Parsifal*. It is devotional: it is mystic, and those two qualities commend it very forcibly to the attention of the present-day public,

Prominent Members of a Famous Hunt at Radbourne Hall

Howard Barrett

Litwell, Mr. Guy Gisborne, Mr. J. O. Sherrard, Capt. Webber, Jacobson. Second row: the Hon. Mrs. G. Strutt, Mrs. Col. Irvine. In the rear can be seen Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Mrs. Maynard, and Mr. Foot

which has found material affairs so wearying that its appetite for the spiritual is keener than it has been within living memory. *Parsifal* does precisely what is wanted. It leads the thoughts to Christian solemnities by the way we all, nowadays, love to approach them—the way of mysticism. It deserves attention altogether apart from the fact that it is by Wagner. Anything more intensely religious in its effect than the close of the first act is difficult to conceive.

***

The Psychology of Crime

The British jury is getting on. At last the fact that a man on trial for murder displayed *sang froid* under cross-examination and in the dock has not been regarded as evidence of innocence. Students of criminology have long sought to establish the fact that murder is only too often committed without motive and as a result of inborn depravity. Consequently, the guilty man will be little likely to show consciousness of guilt, even at the sight of the black cap.

A Change in Store

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, the intending flyer of the Atlantic "in one," has hitherto devoted his attention to dry goods. He is now in for a complete change of occupation, I fancy, though I hope the Atlantic will not give him too thorough a wetting.

***

A Bad Habit

Mr. George has received many evidences that lords (and dukes) are not such knaves as they seem: he is now learning that neither are they such fools. His attacks on the Duke of Sutherland leave the honours at least easy (the Duke has clever secretaries), while that on Lord Tullibardine looks like an easy win for the latter (who has a clever wife). Controversial skill is not the monopoly of the commoner, for if a nobleman chance to lack it himself he can so very easily employ it. Do you notice, by the way, how Mr. George in his diatribes against his critics, always contrives to leave you with the impression that he is by comparison a sort of Saviour? I hope he will be careful not to let the habit grow. It so often ends in an asylum.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Badly Caught

With the best wishes in the world towards that admirable paper, the *New Witness*, I feel that it still has something to learn in the way of wisdom. For instance, however great your sympathies with anti-Semitism, it is not wise to refer to the Postmaster-General thus: "Samuel, in the spirit of a notorious member of his race, one Pontius Pilate." Since when has Pilate risen to the dignity of being a Jew? I always thought he was, notoriously, the most bitter anti-Semite of the lot.

***

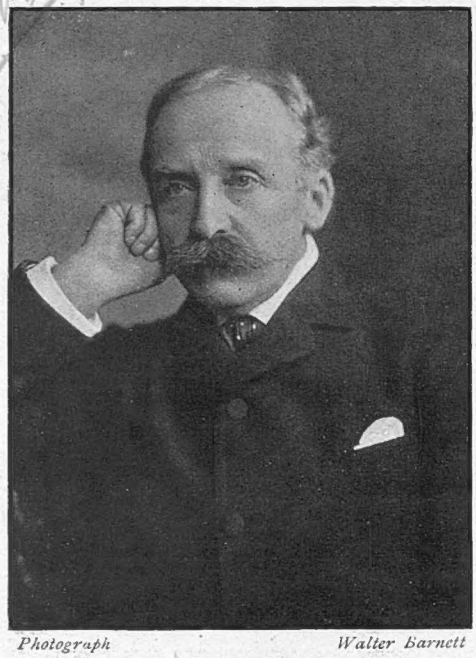
The "Last Ripple"

I think we reached the positive limit in our halfpenny paper of last week. A revolution occurred at Lima. That was not, of course, explicit enough. We were told that Lima was the capital of the "South American Republic of Peru." Lest that failed to convince us, the paper then thoughtfully planked in a small map of South America showing exactly where Peru is. There was no earthly excuse for ignorance after that.

***

An Analogy

But, seriously, is it not a little severe on the public school and 'Varsity men for whom the paper is, apparently, edited, to put the dunce's cap on their head *quite* so publicly? One might, at least, pretend to think they know where Peru is. Furthermore, the *Daily Mail* ought to respect the sentiments of its properly educated Board School readers, to say nothing of those of our Peruvian visitors. Imagine your feelings if, on reading in a Peruvian paper that Mr. Asquith had been deported, you saw a reference to "the European Kingdom of England," with a map showing exactly where *we* were situated! What would you think of the state of Peruvian education?



Photograph *Walter Barnett*

MR. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES

Whose new review, "The Candid Quarterly," has just made its appearance. It lives up to its title as all those who buy it will find, and Mr. Bowles deserves best congratulations

Music-Hall Standards

The "good old timers" are all of a slobber about the end of the Tivoli. Reminiscences, and yet again reminiscences. Oh, the glad and giddy nights! The memories of Dan this and Gus that and Marie the other; and the sneers at the "refined" successor of the old music-hall. For my part, I remember having passed a number of more or less amusing nights of youth in the Tivoli, as in various kindred resorts. I enjoyed certain "star" turns, it is true, but, oh! the unutterable boredom and vulgarity of most of the rest of them. The "refined" hall of to-day may lack the presence of the *lion comique* of yesterday, but the love for the comic in England is slowly giving place to the satiric, as it must with an advance in artistic taste. The general standard of the music-hall is immeasurably better than it was. With the decline of the love of alcohol, it has been compelled to provide entertainments which, if endurable at all, can be sat right out.

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"Recreations"

Mr. Frank Harris, whether he was directly responsible or not for the indiscretion in regard to the Leslie-Melville divorce case, which appeared in *Modern Society*, has, as editors must, been made to suffer for it—though doubtless he will be fairly comfortable in a confinement that should yield good copy. One is tempted to wonder, on examining Mr. Harris's distinguished career in that omniscient volume, "Who's Who," whether he has been confusing what are called his "recreations." Among these are, to quote, "pleasure in the past by travelling, and in the future by dreaming." Surely in the case of the "indiscretion" mentioned above Mr. Harris has been "dreaming in the past"?

Proposed National Party

WE have now received what we regard as sufficient evidence as to the attitude of our readers in the event of the formation of a National Party, associated with Mr. Winston Churchill.

About one thousand of our subscribers have signed the "Pledge of Support." An even larger number have signified their approval of the idea, but have reserved their written support for various reasons, chief among them, in most cases, being doubt or distrust regarding the suggested leader.

We have, as promised, transferred the signatures to a single list, which we hold pending the development of events. Whatever the issue of the present Parliamentary struggle, we are convinced that in the not distant future there will be some such combination, in the interest of the nation as a whole, as we have foreshadowed between men at present in opposite camps.

The Editor will be pleased to correspond privately with readers who are interested in the furtherance of this idea.

On Field and Bench

A KEEN SPORTSMAN AND A GOOD JUDGE: MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL RETIRES

JUDGING AT A MEETING OF THE SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS

ON HORSEBACK AT A STEEPLECHASE MEETING

PRESENTING SPORTS PRIZES

AT A MEETING OF THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT

Photographs

ADMIRING A CANDIDATE

Sport and General

AT A L.A.C. MEETING

Mr. Justice Bucknill's resignation is a source of deep regret to all who came in touch with him. He has, however, long deserved a rest from the arduous duties in the King's Bench Division which have absorbed his attention for the last fifteen years since he succeeded Sir Henry Hawkins, and it is to be hoped that he will soon be quite recovered from his recent illness with the leisure he will now be able to devote to the out-door life he has always loved

Press Topics of the Moment

A Change of Size

Journalistic events abound. The *Standard* is to change its size to that of the *Westminster*: if it will also change its politics from the pure party brand to the national I should be inclined to prophesy success. Independent opinion cries in vain for a journalistic sign.

***

A New Review

Then Mr. T. Gibson Bowles is now "out" with his *Candid Quarterly* (5*s*.), on which I congratulate him heartily. In the articles entitled "The Kingship," "The New Corruption," "An Opposition Impotent," and "The Salaried Parliament" is said in sane straightforward words what has hitherto been expressed either in silence or in shrieks. The position to which Cabinet and Caucus Tyranny has reduced all the estates of the realm and the people themselves is made plain to all who can afford five shillings. My heartiest wishes to Mr. Bowles, and may the *Candid* soon become so popular that it will be compelled to "come down to a bob."

***

Congratulations

The other journalistic event was the celebration of the coming of age of our green *confrère*, the *Westminster*, to whom I offer really sincere congratulations. It is the only paper that, by cogent and courteous argument, suggests to me that I might have been born a little Liberal instead of the other thing, and yet have been a reasonable member of the community. The *Westminster* always presumes its opponents are capable of reason, where other journals of the same party prefer to treat them as mere fools, knaves, or fanatics. As a result of this Unionists *become* reasonable, and have to mind their p's and q's in Press and on platform. Which is wholly good!

***

No Interference

The *Westminster* is sometimes foolishly referred to as "Mond's organ." I hold no brief for Sir Alfred of that ilk, but I believe it to be a fact that never does he interpose his veto in any way over his editor. The same may, I venture to say, be said of the majority of those much-maligned men, the newspaper owners. Being business people, they know perfectly well that if a paper is read because it has certain views of its own, it would be bad business to interfere with its independent conduct.

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An Interesting Symposium

Before I leave the subject of the Press, I would draw attention to the new form in which "Sell's World's Press" makes its appearance this year. In addition to the usual information as to who's who and where, the publication contains an exceedingly interesting symposium of opinions, by leading journalists and others, on a variety of interesting topics, such as "Centralisation in Journalism," "Are Papers Too Cheap?" "The Freedom of the Press," "Portrait or Snapshot?" and the future of our humble selves, the illustrated papers. "Will the picture daily oust the weekly?" asks the editor. No, it won't. The public will easily tire of the former first.

***

Lloyd George Landed!

The land seems to be in for it at the hands of the pamphleteers, and if, alas! we have to put ourselves through the study of them, heaven send that the process be not too dull. For this reason, the Unionist Party is to be congratulated that its case against Mr. George is in the hands of Mr. G. E. Raine, who contrives in *Lloyd George and the Land* (George Allen: 6*d*.) to lay down the principles of Unionist policy, as held by many advanced advocates. Mr. Lloyd George is left effectually "landed" in a veritable deer forest of derision in the first chapter (to say nothing of the foreword). I am not myself competent, at the present juncture, to show exactly where Mr. Raine is right and the Chancellor is wrong, but really that is of no account. What we all have to do is to prove the latter to be wrong, and to do this, the first step is to read *Lloyd George and the Land*.

***

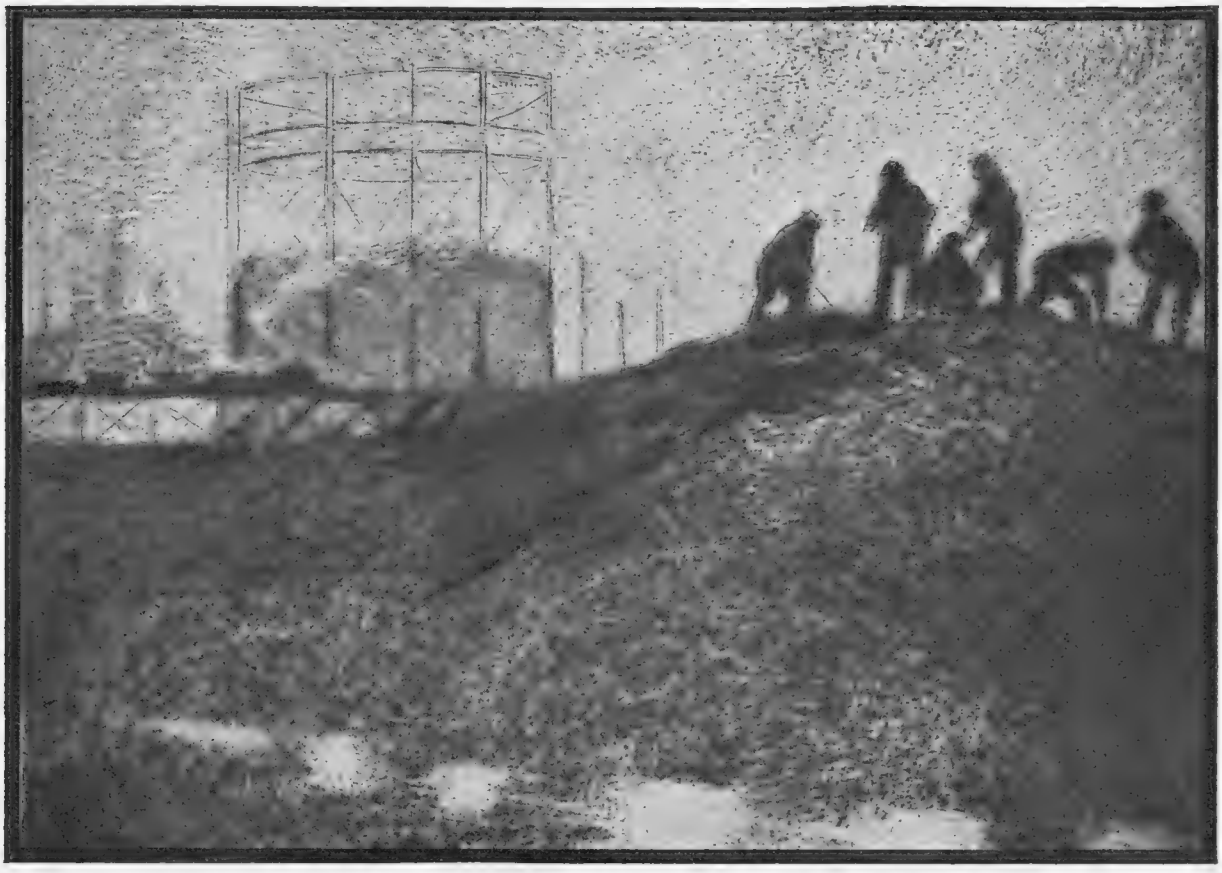
MR. FRANK HARRIS

Editor of "Modern Society," who has been committed for Contempt of Court for publishing in his paper certain statements in regard to the untried divorce suit in which Lord Fitzwilliam has been cited as a co-respondent. Mr. Harris has, in turn, edited the "Fortnightly" and "Saturday" Reviews, and "Vanity Fair"

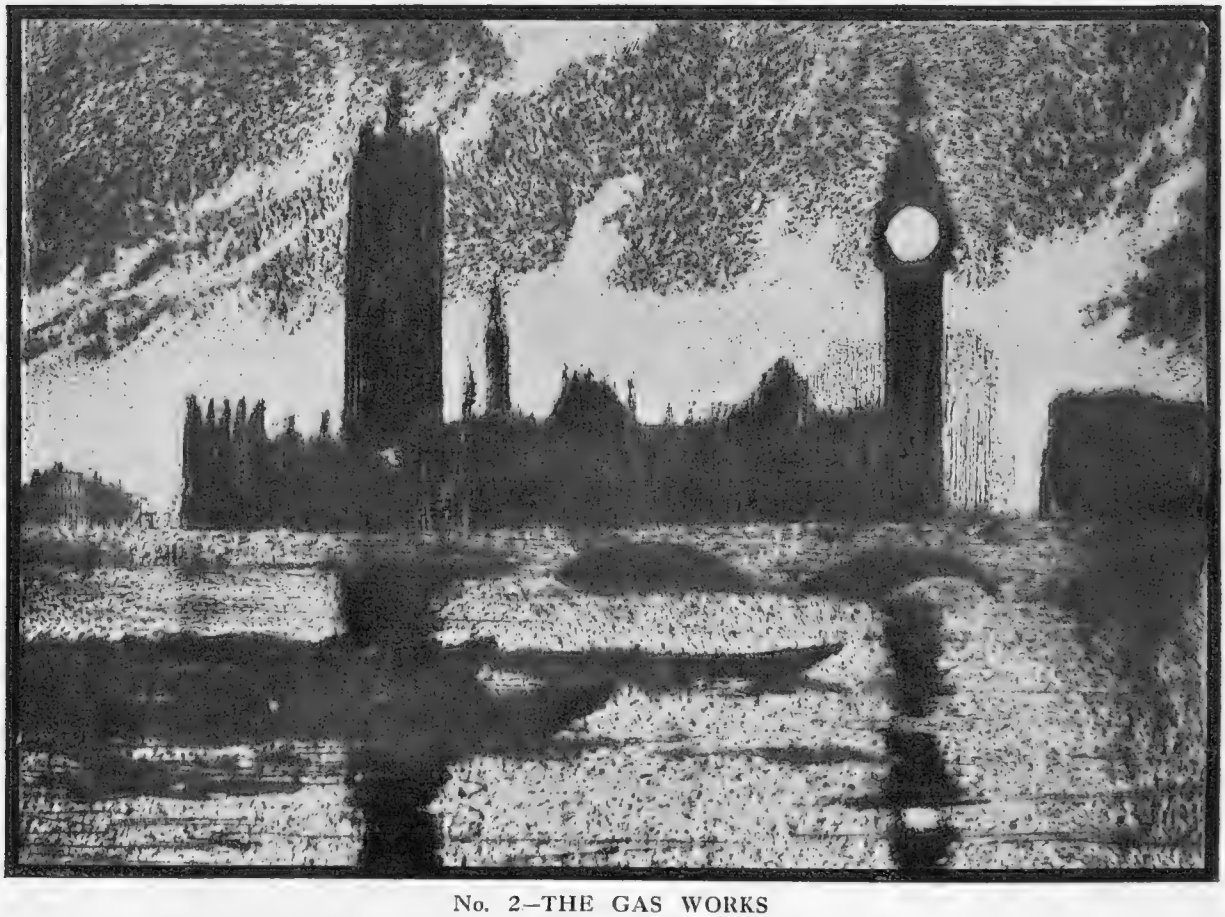
A Question of Copyright

I hope the author has been careful to see that the chapter "New Furrows For Old" does not infringe the copyright of the Socialist Party. Probably it is safe, for Mr. Raine, as a good Tory Progressive, is so very much more advanced than that obsolete institution. I regret I am not able to publish snapshots herewith of some of his revered leaders in the act of "approving" Mr. Raine's doctrines as to the claims of Society over those of ownership! V. C.

Studies in Toil



No. 1—THE GAS WORKS



No. 2—THE GAS WORKS

[*N.B. The latter is now open for the public service (?)*]

BY E. LANDER

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. VII.—H. G. Wells and the Discovery of the Future

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

The Utopia Habit

HUNT the Future is as popular a game at intellectual gatherings of to-day as hunt the slipper was at more innocent tea-parties of yesterday. H. G. Wells, as a personality other than the spirit of the times, is father of the fashion. He began, as it were, by building Utopias in Spain, and awoke one morning asking himself why he should not build them in England. That, of course, is one of the perils of dreams—you may awake and find them true. Wells awoke and found his dreams practicable, and he has been telling people the good news ever since. At first he saw them only in such romances as *The Time Machine*, wherein he projected his imagination in what may be called the adventurous and unconnected future, after a while romance evolved into reality, and his futures gradually became carefully considered propositions set forth as ways of escape from the social and economic dilemmas of civilisation. Thus he brought us to the contemplation of *A Modern Utopia*, *Mankind in the Making*, and the possibility of exchanging *New Worlds for Old*; thus the Utopia habit may be said to have been established.

* * *

Social Futurism

One result of his persistent advocacy of the good time coming is the demise of the word "Utopian" as a term of reproach. At one time, and well within memory, to dub an idea Utopian was to condemn it; the use of the word now connotes some scheme worthy attention. "All this world," Wells told the members of the Royal Institution, "is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come—one day in the unending succession of days—when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, will stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and laugh, and reach out their hands amidst the stars." That was twelve years ago, and although the movement towards the future has not yet become a stampede, a surprising number of people have at least accepted the idea of Utopia building as at least thinkable, and many as workable. Wells has discovered his America; he wants settlers now. His Futurism is no exotic and scarcely comprehensible experiment in the art of romance. It is well-mannered, native and constitutional, anxious to be reasonable, ingratiating, and convinced of its own ultimate triumph over the muddle of modern life.

* * *

Fighting the Fabians

The thing Wells hates above all things is the stupidity which brutalises so much of life at the present day; and he is equally uncompromising in his attitude towards those who are striving to apply theories towards social change and revolution. After he had written *Anticipations* and *Mankind in the Making* he became a member of the Fabian Society, through which organisation he believed some of his own ideas might find expression. The feeling was reciprocated by the Fabians. But Wells had not been a member long before he found things were not as they should be, and he forthwith began to set the Fabian house in order. There was a battle. Such a series of discussions within a society about its own virtues, defects, and possibilities is probably without precedent. Wells made a valiant stand for the introduction of practical imagination into an atmosphere which was dominated by the legal mind of Sidney Webb, spiced with Bernard Shaw's wit, but he was beaten, and the Fabian Society knew him no more. His reply came later in *The New Machiavelli*, the most brilliant satire upon our governors and reformers produced in our time. The leading members of the Fabian Society are photographically displayed and pilloried with ridicule, and the Socialism which had hitherto buoyed up the Wellsian dream was shed for something more nearly approaching Tory Democracy.

* * *

The Prophecies of Wells

But any attempt to pigeon-hole H. G. Wells must fail. He is a tendency and a symptom rather than a remedy. A sign of the times, rather than a leader of the times, and at his best, which is nearly always, he is an epitome of the best and most earnest spirit of the times. This is no attempt to underestimate the far-seeing social grip of the man. It is not necessary to see with him on all points to appreciate his amazing prophetic sense. No living thinker has his organic grasp of the needs of the immediate future, and however the intermediate steps may be taken and details settled, his map of the future will remain valid for many years to come. That map has been sketched out by him in a dozen books with punctilious care and sincerity, and some of his ideas, such as the great scheme for a New Heptarchy which would centralise and co-ordinate the larger public services, such as lighting, water, and transit, have been discussed on the basis of practical politics. And it was Wells in *A Modern Utopia* who first imagined the construction of special roads for automobile traffic. These, however, are but details of a dream which has for ultimate aim the reconstruction of civilisation out of the disordered waste and chaos of to-day as one would fashion a garden out of a wilderness.

* * *

The Dismal Science Made Fascinating

His most amazing achievement has yet to be named. It is the fact that he has induced people to consider and discuss such things under the cloak of

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. VII.

MR. H. G. WELLS

Special Camera Portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

[*The chimney-pot background is intended, doubtless, to remind us of the subject's continued interest in the Social problem.*]

fiction. H. G. Wells has turned hard-headed Englishmen into Utopists whilst reading his novels. That is an achievement demanding art and art demanding genius. To have translated the one-time dismal science of economics into thrilling romance is an achievement of which any writer would be proud, but to make your romance a sermon as well is to have achieved the impossible. Only a novelist who was a novelist first and a reformer afterwards could have done it. Charles Dickens and Charles Reade both used novels as pulpits; but the appeal they made was always to sentiment. Wells appeals direct to the imagination and the intellectual sense of decency, and the fact that he has captivated so many readers proves that his preaching has not destroyed the interest of his art. There are, to be sure, readers who know him only as the delightful author of uncompromising novels like *The Wheels of Chance, Love and Mr. Lewisham,* and *Mr. Polly,* and they have their reward with those who read such scientific romances as *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon,* in the undisputed fun of the thing. But they do not get the best of their author. That can only be caught by a thorough appreciation of his combined gifts as novelist and social critic. These, and all the other characteristics of H. G. Wells are synthetised in *Tono-Bungay,* that masterly epic of our moment in time, which is at once a novel replete with human interest, love, adventure, humour, and a scathing criticism of modern commercial civilisation. In each of his books Wells criticises some phase of modern life; in *Tono-Bungay* he deals an all-embracing blow at a stupid and wasteful world which will admire but not adopt his carefully planned maps and guides to Utopia.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK –
MR. G. K. CHESTERTON
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

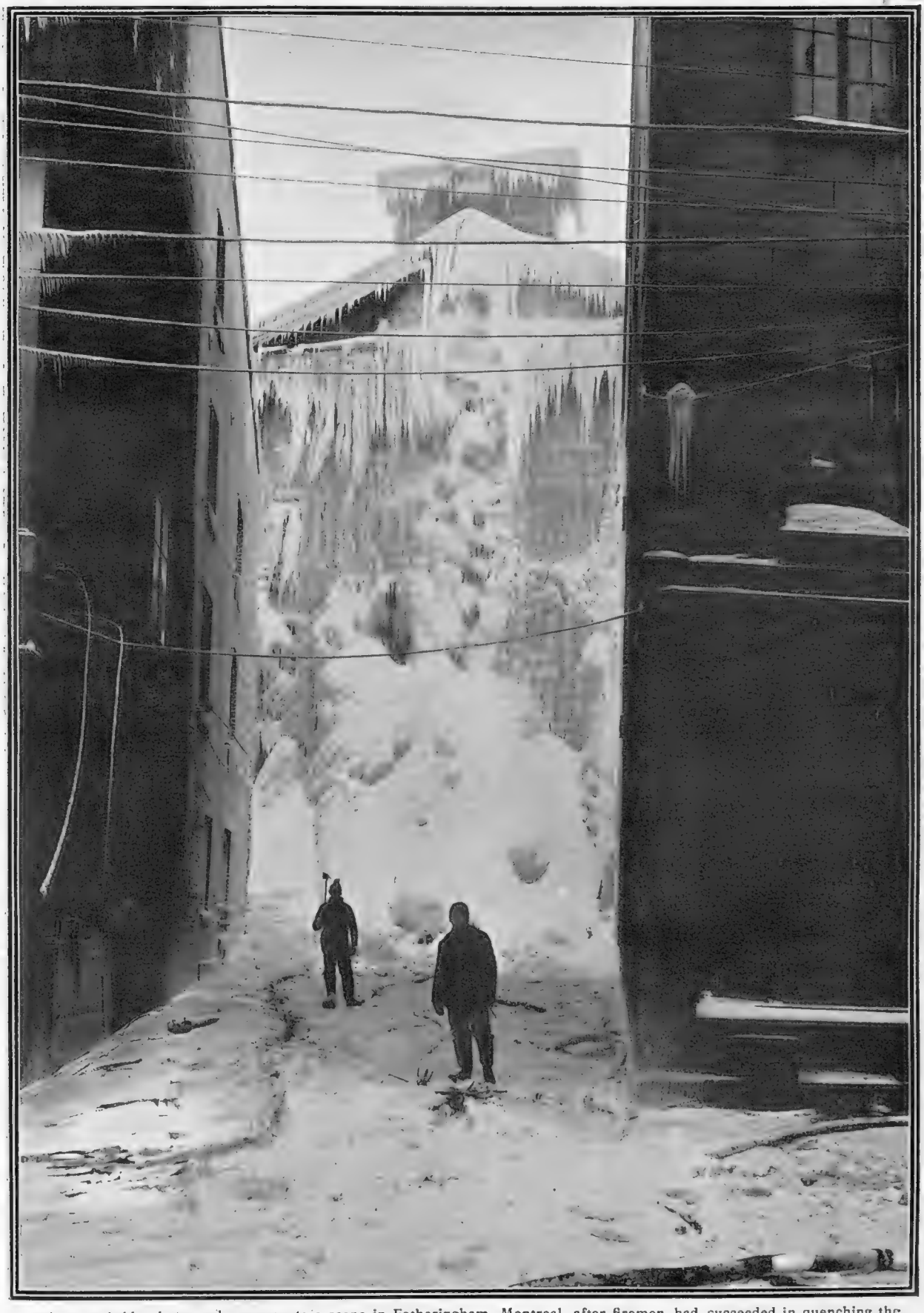
Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS UNITY MOORE

A charming camera study of the clever young actress, who is at present playing Emma in "The Marriage Market," at Daly's Theatre, a musical comedy, which is, and has been since it started, the usual and inevitable George Edwardes' success

Ice as a Fire-Quencher

THE "CRYSTALLISED" EFFORTS OF A MONTREAL FIRE-BRIGADE



This remarkable photograph represents a scene in Fotheringham, Montreal, after firemen had succeeded in quenching the flames of a burning hardware warehouse. The temperature at the time was 30 degrees below zero, with the result that much of the water froze in the hose-pipes, and when it did not do so it froze upon the walls where it struck them. The ladders were only mounted with extreme difficulty, as the rungs were coated with ice. However, ice takes a good deal more condensing than water, and it doesn't look as if the outer walls, at any rate, of this building would suffer much more from fire!

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE first week of February seemed to have come out of one of Dr. Watts's hymns. Nature was mild, sunny, and productive of snowdrops and such innocent things. Man, alas! foamed and gnashed his teeth. Especially labour-leading man.

* * *

A regrettable incident—the Kidnapping of the Ten—and we hope that somebody will be proceeded against in the matter of their involuntary life on the ocean wave. Who is that somebody to be? Not poor Lord Gladstone, we think. He is punished enough in having to explain the inexplicable.

* * *

We should select as victims the Captain of the *Umgeni*, who was responsible for any *mal-de-mer* suffered; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who hasn't been nearly angry enough on behalf of his comrades; and Mr. Lloyd George, who is ultimately answerable for every crime, wherever committed, in this Empire.

* * *

Some people will be more inclined than ever to say that England got nothing out of the South African War, but here is an example to the contrary. "During a day's hunting with the Garth foxhounds," says the *Daily Mail*, "Prince Henry rode an old Boer pony captured in Cronje's camp."

* * *

Church dignitaries are presumably stronger-minded than ordinary people, and no doubt this is why a report has been going about that, after his researches into the question of forcible feeding, the Bishop of London declared that the Great Illusion nowadays was not War, but "Peace."

* * *

Music is quite coming into its own. The enthusiasm over *Parsifal* is one sign of it, and another is that a French dentist has recently undertaken to extract teeth to music.

* * *

"For the round-the-world aeroplane race, starting from the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco, only motor-driven aircraft will be eligible." This announcement will disappoint those people who have been training to go the distance with a team of pet sea-gulls.

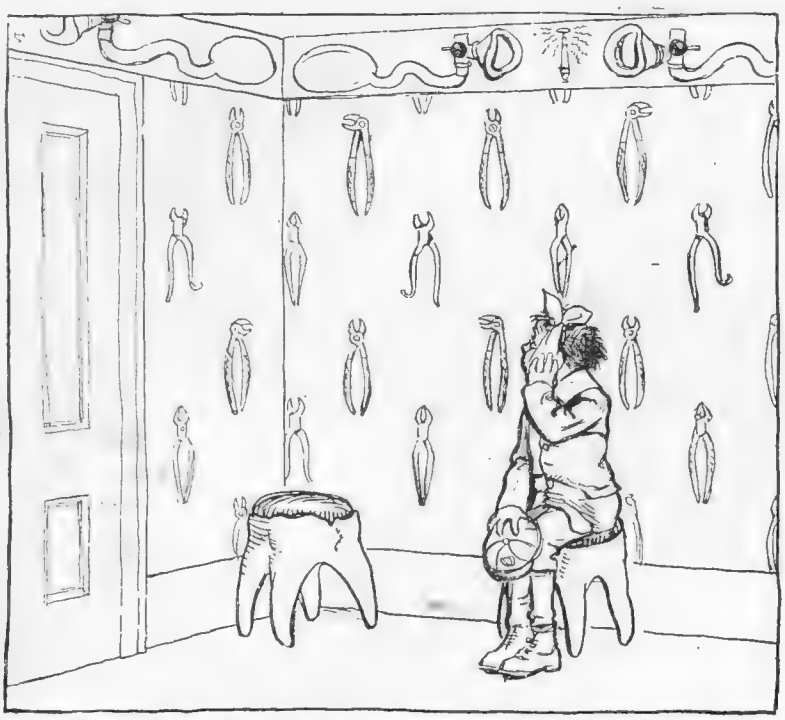
* * *

Kamschatka is one of the districts to be traversed by the round-the-world racers, and we are a little astonished that the Mayor of this part has not offered a special prize to the first bird-man arriving. Surely he knows the value of such a procedure in attracting visitors?

* * *

"The Army Estimates will show a slight increase on last year's expenditure, due to the projected outlay on aircraft." This is the sort of thing that happens for lack of a Tiny Air-Fleet Party. Can't the Little Navy-ites form a wee group to deal with the matter?

* * *



CHEERY DESIGNS FOR WAITING ROOMS—No. 3. THE DENTIST'S
By J. H. Dowd

Very shortly—it is said—it will be possible to transmit photographs by wire across the Atlantic, and fathers expecting an addition to their families, while they themselves, perhaps, are travelling in America, should prepare themselves for shocks.

* * *

"British non-commissioned officers volunteering for service in West Africa are informed by a War Office notice that only those with sound teeth will be accepted." Without them, the question of forage becomes so difficult in these cannibal countries.

* * *

A book entitled "God's Own Country: An Appreciation of Australia," has just been published, and Canadians, we understand, are about to protest against what they consider a gross misrepresentation of the Deity's preferences in the matter of countries.

PRESENT DAY TYPES

No. VI.—THE FLAPPERS

BY ARTHUR WATTS

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Queen's Champion" at the Aldwych

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a nice bustling drama with quite a lot of Royalty in it; and it would be considerably improved if the courtiers could get over the distressing habit of sitting down unconcernedly while the Queen or the King, as the case may be, is left looking round for a chair. I think if I were a king and my devoted courtiers monopolised all the seating accommodation in the room to my disadvantage I should express my opinion of their behaviour in no uncertain terms; and as I once had the pleasure of hearing a royal personage speak his mind very freely indeed, I think I could guarantee that my observations would be of the right colour. Another point for the stage management would be to see that when Queen Natalie of Dalitza goes to pay a call she is attended by at least one Lady-in-Waiting. It would add so much more to the Royal tone of the part.

The idea is that in Dalitza, which is the usual sort of vague European State somewhere in the Balkans, the succession to the throne is hanging in the balance. The heir-apparent is Natalie; but there is some doubt, apparently, as to the operation of the Salic law in those parts, and, therefore, the next heir, Prince Vaska, claims the throne in virtue of his superior sex. (Mem. for the ladies: I use the words "virtue" and "superior" in relation to my own sex, with a proper sense of their ridiculous inaptitude.) Both Natalie and Vaska have their supporters, and both, as it happens, are in the embarrassing position of having no money. Such a state of affairs is bad enough for an ordinary person like myself, and you can easily understand, therefore, how horrid it must be for distinguished people who have to wear good clothes every day, and who have not even the simple citizen's refuge of being able to turn up a side street in order to avoid meeting an arrogant creditor. Especially, as in this case, the creditor is the standing army which is practically waiting on the doorstep of the Royal palace for its arrears of pay.

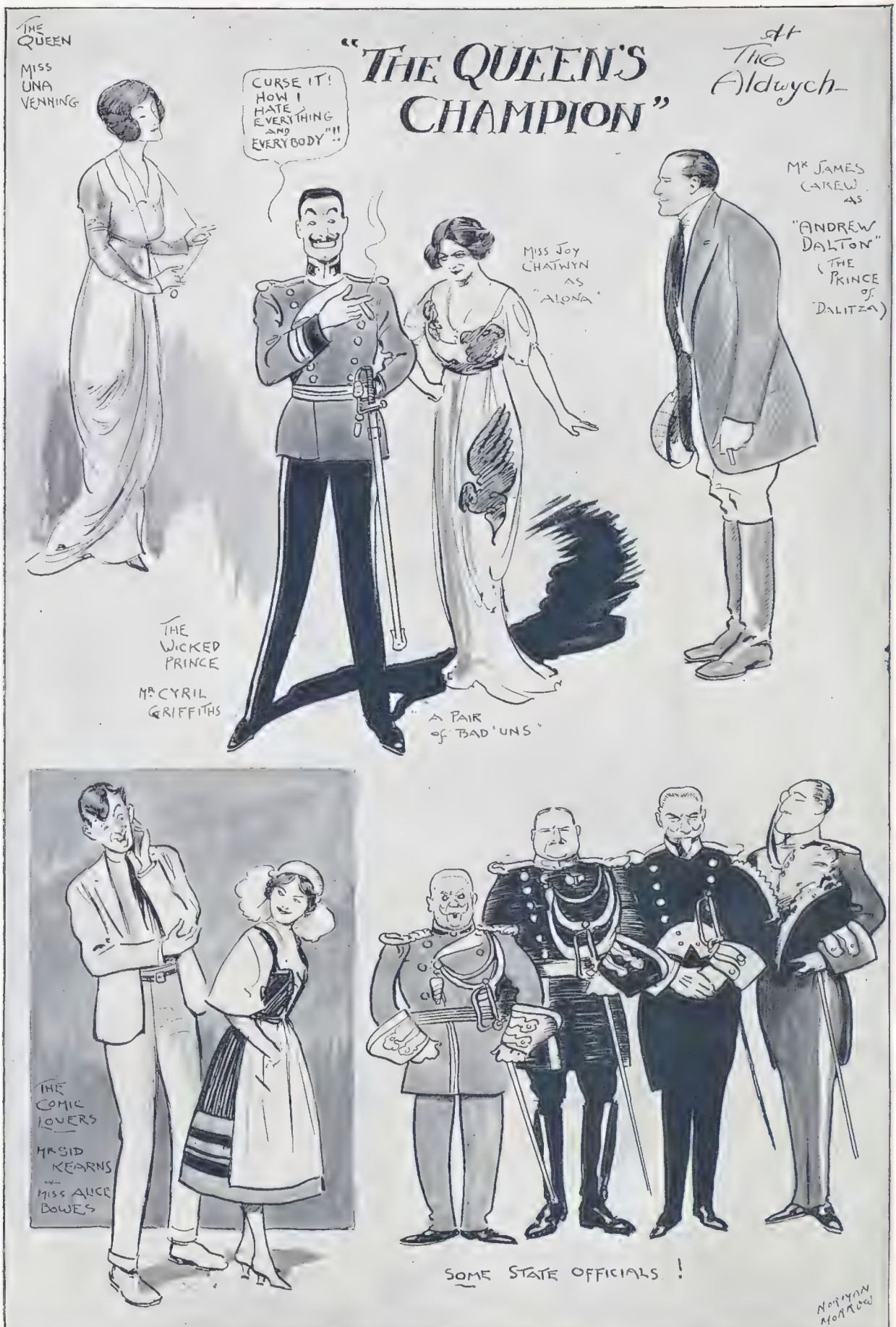
This is where Mr. Andrew Dalton, of Canada, comes in. His real name is Andreas of Dalitza, but he was taken abroad when quite a child, and stayed there long enough to grow up and make the pathetically excessive quantity of wealth which men of his stamp usually amass after a brief stay in the Colonies. When Dalton arrives in Dalitza he does not come with an army behind him; but he brings big chests crammed full of good current cash. Three of these chests were carried on the stage laboriously by a couple of soldiers, and I found it difficult to fix my attention on the rest of the scene after that. The sight of large quantities of money always brings a lump into my throat from the sheer artistic beauty of the spectacle. Dalton's original idea was to press his own claim to the throne, and as he is the only candidate in a position to buy the army as a going concern, the crown would have been his for the asking. But just as he is beginning to talk business, the Queen strolls in for a chat with her Ministers, and Dalton gives a gasp of surprise to indicate that it is a case of love at first sight with him. Instead of pressing his own claim, he decides that he will be the Queen's Champion; but those of us who are old enough to have seen dramas of this kind before can see that the sacrifice is not so great as it looks. I mean, if the hero of a melodrama is not good enough to marry a Queen, I should just like to know who is.

Meanwhile, Prince Vaska has taken the measure of this gentleman from Canada, who is now leading the opposition, as it were. Vaska, it is scarcely necessary to remark, is a villain of the first water; and Mr. Cyril Griffiths, who plays the part, seems to think he can make the villainy more convincing by grinding his teeth at every available moment. I am bold enough to doubt the value of the manœuvre myself. Vaska is engaged to Alena, one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to Queen Natalie. We gather from him that she is already his "wife in the sight of Heaven," a phrase, however, which even Alena very rightly objects to on the score of its conventional banality. And, indeed, it seems to me to be quite a gratuitous assumption that Heaven necessarily accepts a relationship to which the Church emphatically declines to give her consent.

Alena is a sort of Lady Macbeth in the piece. She is quite ready to make all the trouble that Vaska is too nervous to set on foot. She is, for instance, the author of a pretty little plan by which Queen Natalie is to be drugged, and then carried off in a motor-car to parts unknown, while Vaska is bowing his acknowledgements to the crowd as the newly acclaimed King of Dalitza. The plot does not, of course, succeed, because Mr. Dalton is there to discover it with all the ingeniously deductive methods of a Sherlock Holmes. The next step of Alena is to have Dalton himself arrested and carried to the deepest dungeon in the palace, where he is roped to a pillar and insulted by the valiant Vaska.

The end, of course, is clear; but the piece is well worth seeing, for all that. Quite a successful part is that of Augustus Hawkins, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., Mr. Dalton's servant, represented by Mr. Sid Kearns, who plays the character in his best pantomime style, and is universally applauded. Mr. James Carew is by this time, no doubt, more at home in his trying part; he makes a handsome and convincing hero, and is very charmingly supported by Miss Una Venning as Natalie.

JINGLE

Canada to the Rescue

How a young Canadian multi-millionaire turns up in Dalitza (a dependancy of Ruritania) and eventually becomes its recognised and lawful King (having incidentally married a Princess) is told in a delightfully breezy way in the new Aldwych production, which should have many months of success before it

BY NORMAN MORROW

"PARSIFAL"

SOME ESSENTIALS AND UNESSENTIALS

TO be married to a lady who speaks of you as a god, and to be patronised by a king who suffers from neurasthenic megalomania, is an experience that the most robust of men can hardly be expected to undergo with impunity. Much less a man of a sensitive, excitable nature like Richard Wagner. Yet in his case both facts are undeniable, the latter being a matter of common knowledge, the former being guaranteed by a contemporary Italian admirer. And love of his music ought not to blind anyone to the fact that he did, very naturally and properly, in a sense, suffer from "swollen head," and that as a theorist he was hopelessly inconsistent.

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There is no doubt, however, that Wagner wished to keep *Parsifal* for Bayreuth in the same way as he intended *The Ring* only for festival performance. Yet Wagner, if we may believe the eminently respectable authority of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, lapsed on at least one occasion from this ideal of high protection. A few weeks before his death he is said to have suggested to Neumann that he might be permitted to perform *Parsifal* if his theatre were competent enough to do full justice to it. True, he wrote in precisely the opposite sense to Ludwig in 1880, but the former fact, if accurate, as there is every reason to suppose, does prove that Wagner's very inconsistency saved him from being as superstitious as the Wagnerites. After all, the only important point about festival-theatres and festival-performances is that they should, as Wagner said to Neumann, be competent enough to do full justice to the works performed. Granted this competence, it does not seem to matter whether they take place in Bayreuth or Munich—or Bournemouth or Timbuctoo.

Photograph *Histed*

PROFESSOR W. WIRK

Stage manager of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden. He has been associated for many years with the Bayreuth performances of the famous opera

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Even if it were true, moreover, that in Wagner's day no other theatre was "serious" enough to produce *Parsifal*, that is emphatically not true to-day. It is absurd to argue from Wagner's pronouncement at a time when the theatres were not yet accustomed to Wagnerian productions as a matter of course. It is as if we insisted on our railways being bound by some law that George Stephenson laid down for his first steam engine, or on our hospitals being strictly limited to the practices approved by the late Lord Lister. Art, to be alive, must be continually adapting itself to new æsthetic standards.

And, in a manner, that is the principal ground of quarrel with Covent Garden for its otherwise excellent production of *Parsifal* on Monday. So far from feeling the absence of that atmosphere of Bayreuth, one was somehow quite conscious of a very deliberate attempt to create an impression as similar as possible. If this attempt had only meant great seriousness, impressiveness, an almost religious feeling of reverence, none of us would, of course, have a word to say against it. What disappointed us was the obvious enslavement to tradition. Indeed, many are inclined to think that this Wagnerian tradition is become Wagner's worst enemy. When *Parsifal* was originally produced, the whole object of stage-illusion was realistic; we have travelled far beyond that. In Wagner's day there was not that appreciation of bright colours which is, happily, almost general among us now. Both these changes one would have liked to see reflected on the first production of *Parsifal* in England.

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But no; we had the same old moving panorama, reminding us of the days of our youth and an entertainment called "A Tour Round the British Empire," the same musical-comedy Flower-Maidens wearing an impossible quantity (and quality) of clothes, the same timidity in colour-adventure as are, I believe, characteristic of *Parsifal* according to the Bayreuth dispensation. That Bayreuth should not only on sentimental but historical grounds continue to observe the original ideas of the master as to production is reasonable enough.

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But the principal value of these other, so to speak, extra-territorial performances of *Parsifal* ought to be to show us how contemporary genius would interpret a masterpiece of thirty years ago. After all, the tie which binds everything, lighting, scenery, dresses, stage management, together is, and always must be, the music. That will never grow old. Let us see to it that such a glorious heritage as well as the philosophy it serves to interpret is not made unintelligible to us by an undue insistence on mere external pedantries of time and place. There is nothing magical about 1880; there is nothing magical about Bayreuth. But there is something magical about *Parsifal*, and we shall be very foolish if we allow ourselves to be deprived of that because of a fear that Wagner did not expect us to appreciate it in the particular kind of presentation that happens to appeal to us at the moment.

FRANCIS TOYE

A Gaiety Girl of Yore

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY CHURSTON

Who, before her marriage to Lord Churston in 1907, then the Hon. J. R. L. Yarde-Buller, was well known to all patrons of Daly's and the Gaiety theatres as Miss Denise Orme. After her marriage, which was a secret one, she still continued to charm large houses at the Gaiety, and in 1909 was playing in "Our Miss Gibbs." In the following year, on the death of the second Baron, she became Lady Churston, and musical comedy knew her no more

"Tempora Mutantur"

AND TURKEY, TOO, BUT NOT ALL AT ONCE

IN "MODERN" TURKEY: OPENING AN ELECTRIC TRAM SERVICE

According to the principles of vaccination, the best way to avoid a disease is to be given a mild attack of it. When, therefore, in Constantinople you lay down an electric tramway line, you sacrifice a couple of sheep upon its steely lines and hope for the best, You perceive the analogy? The said sacrifice of the unfortunate animals is seen above. "Tantum religio"—but no, one Latin quote per page is enough

Constantinople, we are promised, is to be for all practical purposes a new city. The old houses and narrow streets will disappear, and erections of modern buildings, large squares and wide streets will take their place. The picture above, which represents the present state of affairs in the city, is ample evidence that new Constantinople, like ancient Rome, will not be built in a day

The Bystander in Paris

PARISIAN JOKES

The "Figaro"

No town in the world, I fancy, loves a joke quite as dearly as does Paris, and Parisian jokes are usually peculiarly clever. Many years ago I remember what was probably the best newspaper joke of all time. The *Figaro*, which was in those days easily the premier newspaper of Paris, and which ranked then somewhat higher than the *Matin* ranks to-day, evolved a gorgeous jest at the expense of the world at large. I remember, and perhaps some of the readers of THE BYSTANDER may remember it too, the immense impression made by the *Figaro's* bombshell in London. It was dropped just at the right moment, and with telling accuracy.

General Boulanger

At the time the most talked-of man in the world was General Boulanger. There was a very general impression everywhere that he might at any moment become King of France. Even the men who struggled, intrigued, and eventually succeeded in their attempt to thwart him were by no means certain of success, and the *Figaro's* joke was really little more than a clever anticipation of probabilities. One morning the *Figaro* appeared with a full-page article devoted to an account of "Boulanger's *coup d'état.*" It was most explicitly told, and related in detail how the General and his friends had, after a late sitting in a room at Durand's Restaurant on the Place de la Madeleine, installed themselves in the small hours at the Elysée, locked up the President as an enemy of France, taken possession of the public offices, issued proclamations to the people, and pasted them up broadcast all over the country, and installed "*le brav' général*" as Georges Ier.

The Reception

In Paris, of course, after the first moments of stupefaction the joke was understood as a joke, and received its meed of laughter. I am not at all sure, in fact, that it did not help Monsieur Constans to overthrow Boulanger and Boulangism by pointing out some of the dangers which it would be wise to reckon with. But the Paris correspondents of the London papers and of the London press agencies were not (if you don't mind my heaving bouquets at ourselves) quite as well up then as they are now in the intricacies and peculiarities of Parisianism. Many of them believed the *Figaro's* story to be fact instead of fiction, it was telegraphed to London, it caused considerable excitement on the Stock Exchange, and it was only quite late in the day that London realised that the Elysée had the same occupant as it had the day before, and that the Republic was still on its legs.

Photograph *Gerschel*

M. LUCIEN GUITRY

Who is playing Salomon with much success in "Les Cinq Messieurs de Francfort" at the Gymnase in Paris. Readers may remember that this play was produced in London about two years ago under the name of "The Five Frankforters" at the Lyric Theatre

Statuomania

You have heard, of course, of the latest effort of Paris journalism in the joking line. The *Eclair,* which was a splendid morning paper (as morning papers went in Paris) till the *Matin* came out with a news service of better quality and practically killed it, evolved a hypothetic thinker, Hégésippe Simon, induced several quite well-known people to help organise a commemoration of him, and promise to make speeches at the unveiling of his statue, and then gave the whole show away unkindly, to the greater merriment of nations. We are wondering now whether the joke will not have far-reaching consequences, for every Frenchman knows that there are far too many statues of far too little famous men in France. Paris has, after all, only a certain number of streets to which names of more or less prominent men can be given, and nobody has yet hit on the notion of doubling the number of compliments possible by naming one side of each street after one man and naming the other side after another. Hence statuomania.

The Cost

On the slightest provocation a committee is formed, a delegation is sent to the Minister of Fine Arts, a sculptor gets a fat commission, and a statue is manufactured. There are so many statues of France's great but forgotten citizens in existence already, and the number increases with such terrible rapidity that there has been talk of buying a park to plant them in at a safe distance from Paris, and charging a small fee for admission. Frenchmen would enjoy making foreign visitors pay for their statuary.

Paul Déroulède

Even his political enemies must have regretted Paul Déroulède. He may have been, and was, wrong-headed sometimes, but he was a generous-hearted Frenchman, a fine fellow, and a gentleman, and, as an old priest said to a friend of his who not long before his death expressed the fear that Déroulède would die unshriven, "You need not worry. God is just. When Déroulède knocks at the gates of Heaven the

"EXPOSITION

THE WHITE SALES

The Parisienne, despite her world-fame as a judge of what is "éléganté," has the shrewdest of possible ideas as to what is good value for money. Our sketch is made at that famous corner of Paris, the Rue Lafayette and the Boulevard

DE BLANC"

SEASON IN PARIS

Haussmann. Here, any afternoon of the winter season, may be seen some such crowd as is depicted above by an artist on the spot, which leaves us in some doubt as to the *beauty* of the fair shoppers

BY SAMANOS

(*Continued from page 305*)

cherubim will be allowed to sing the Marseillaise." The finest trait in Paul Déroulède's character, and the most Christian, was his charity. He really practised that forgiveness of those who trespassed against him, which is so often preached to deaf ears.

A Story

There is one story of this generosity which describes the man, and may be cherished in his honour. De Maizière, of the Gaulois, loves to tell it. One day Paul Déroulède, who was in exile then at Saint Sébastian, was attacked in unmeasured terms in one of the Paris papers, and was furiously angry because of the article. He was so angry that he made things very unpleasant at luncheon, and De Maizière, who likes to feed peaceably (none of our digestions have grown younger since 1899) worked very hard to calm Déroulède down. "The author of the article is a silly idiot," he said, "and is of no account and not worth bothering about. Besides, the poor devil is chronically hard-up, and he probably wrote this story on a corner of a dirty table with his sick wife and half-a-dozen squalling children in the room." Déroulède only grunted, but he did not storm much more. Next morning, when De Maizière was leaving for Paris, Déroulède asked him for his enemy's address. "No, no," he said, "this is not a challenge, but I want you to post this letter to him when you arrive in Paris. Register it. It has a thousand franc note in it in a blank sheet of notepaper. I think that's rather a neat retort to his article, don't you? He'll never know who sent the money to him." That was Paul Déroulède at his best. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE CARNAL SEASON

Attempting Frivolity

Prim Berlin makes brave efforts to have a Carnival. *A Fasching!* It would be like Munich, Venice, Cadiz, and other warm, disreputable, southern towns. But this is not in northern blood. At least, not in north-eastern: for Cologne, Düsseldorf, and other north-western cities have Carnivals of fame. Carnival fits ill to Berlin's phlegm, Prussian blueness, and Radical-Socialist acidity. Still, there is a Carnival, brought somehow from Munich and Cologne; there are Carnival balls; Carnival numbers of comic journals showing maids being kissed by Pierrots and satyrs; and there was even—four years back—a Carnival procession in the streets, which just policemen (if the Berlin Bystander remembers) said must cease.

The Court Season

Berlin's Carnival begins in the middle of Berlin's Court season; and lasts to the end. It has numberless balls by profession and balls by locality—Berlin Rhinelanders' Ball, Berlin Bavarian Ball; and it has some freak balls. There is the Menials' Ball—the *Gesindeball;* and the Bad Boys' Ball—the *Ball der Bösen Buben*. The Menials' Ball is not for menials. It is mainly a Stage ball; and everyone comes dressed as footman, *maître d'hôtel*, cook, housemaid, nurse.

Theatrical Balls

This Menials' Ball reflects the high position formerly enjoyed by Prussia's Stage. Once it was seriously, as now by joke, a Theatrical Artists' Ball. In those days Prussian law proclaimed actors and actresses to be menials; and regulated their profession by the *Gesindeordnung* (Domestic Servants' Ordinance), a famous specimen of Prussian disciplinary zeal. So when the actors and actresses were first allowed a ball they called it the Menials' Ball, not at all in joke, but because menial was the lawful qualification of their trade.

The Limit

The Ball of the Bad Boys is inadequately described by the title; for though not all the boys who attend are above suspicion, the badness is primarily that of the girls. In fact, this is the ball of the *haute*—and *basse—cocotterie*. To the Bad Boys' Ball you go dressed, according to sex (sometimes irrespective of it) as a bad boy in sailor suit, or as a bad female baby in short skirts and long drawers. There is no limit to the grossness of the things permitted.

Highly Respectable

First, most costly, most respectable of Carnival balls is the Ball of the Press Union. This counts frightfully great and high; for Berlin, the tickets—a whole fifteen marks—are dear. The Press Ball gives a view of the Berlin Press—mostly intellectual Jewish gentlemen of Progressive-Internationalist tenets. It shows that the Berlin Press, though—perhaps because—it has not the power to move a scavenger in Potsdamerplatz, exacts respect from the powers. The Crown Prince turns up—or apologises. The Chancellor—embodied spirit of anti-Carnival—comes; Ministers come; heads of department; Herr Police-President von Jagow. The head of Britain's Embassy deigns—the occasion indeed is great.

"Smartheit"

Berlin's Carnival Balls have one faithful Carnival trait. They are unsophisticated. They are free from that tedious, reposeful, self-evident, solidified, unquestioning snobbery of manners, dress, way of eating that plagues the social culture of London. They show that Berlin is in the happy, tentative, experimental, embryonic stage of *Smartheit*. Just think of it! Here is the Press Ball. Costs a whole fifteen marks. The Crown Prince will be there (or will apologise); the Empire's Chancellor will cast on it an angular, refrigerating shadow; even the British Ambassador. . . . But on the eve of the ball the organisers issue a warning that ladies must appear in evening dress ("no high street dresses"); that gentlemen must wear *weisse Kravatten* ("white ties"). If you come in evening dress with a check four-in-hand you will not be let in; if you dance in ski-boots, you will spoil your partner's slippers.

The Real Spirit

Such unsophistication shows the real Carnival spirit. The Carnival spirit which, despite *Smartheit*, Chancellors, Crown Princes, and Ambassadors, is opposed to the vulgar, petrified spirit of Society. Berlin progresses.

Quality Street (more or less)

OXFORD STREET IN THE EYES OF A NEW CONTINENTAL SATIRIST

The above piquant cartoon is the work of a Polish caricaturist, M. Jan R. de R. Rosciszewski, who works, we are happy to say, under the rather more pronounceable name of Tom Titt. It has been left to him to show us Oxford Street, which has recently been alleged to be one of the dearest streets in Europe, in an amusing if rather strong light. Several of M. Rosciszewski's drawings are now on exhibition at the Doré Galleries

The Navy from Within

No. VII.—"HIS MAJESTY'S DUCK-PUNT"

By RICHARD PINK

[*Owing to the very great success of this series of articles, we have now arranged for a further series. At the same time we have pleasure in publishing, for the first time, the name of our brilliant contributor, Mr. Richard Pink.*]

H.M.S. *Ten-yen* was neither speedy, lovely, nor comfortable. Her designers had, apparently, taken for their model a tea-tray, upon which—regardless of the laws of gravity—they had piled the upperworks of a Thames steamer and the smoke-stack of a soap works. Nevertheless, she was eminently fitted for the arduous duty which an ungrateful Empire called upon her to perform. In other words, she was one of the gunboats which patrol the rivers in China, thereby striking terror into the hearts of piratical evildoers, and protecting the interests of those happy commercial gentlemen who, with Hebraic noses and gutteral accents, are yet entitled to sing "Gott Save Der King" with the best.

Now, when a man finds himself some hundreds of miles up a Chinese river with no other companionship than that of a medical officer whose sole subject of conversation is Theosophy, he is bound to become either converted or bored. Lieut.-Commander Tremayne, having no spiritual tendencies whatever, became bored, and at length told the surgeon exactly what he thought of him. As a result relations became somewhat strained, and Tremayne, whenever possible, sought the more solitary joys of duck-shooting among the river marshes.

The crew of the *Ten-yen* enjoyed these expeditions, for Tremayne invariably took two or three of them with him as retrievers. Likewise, a portion of the bag always found its way forward, and came as a welcome change from cast-iron chicken and Admiralty rations.

Unfortunately, however, one day Tremayne, leaping a mud dyke, missed his footing, and although rescued by his faithful retainers, left his gun behind him in the ditch. For hours they prodded for it with bamboos, but all to no good, and finally, entirely disgusted, returned to their ship.

He had not spoken to the doctor—except on Service matters—for some weeks, and, consequently, he hardly liked to ask him a favour. Nevertheless, his bereft condition forced him to do so.

Now, whatever the medical officer's claims to righteousness may have been, charity was not among them. "You be hanged," he told Tremayne; "you've never done anything for me except make yourself offensive, and I'm blest if I'll do anything for you."

Tremayne, much incensed, snapped back.

"You miserable snipe," he retorted, "I wouldn't have your bally gun at a gift, and next time you speak to me, don't forget to address me as 'Sir.'"

So they parted on even worse terms than before, and for some days Tremayne attempted to shoot sitting duck with a Service rifle. Unfortunately, however, the duck seldom sat exactly where he wanted them; so he gave it up in despair.

Then unto him came a Leading Seaman who rejoiced in the classic name of Honeybunn, and propounded a new plan whereby many duck might be shot. Tremayne, having been undoubtedly got at by the Devil during his enforced idleness, put aside all self-respect, and even went so far as to congratulate the scoundrelly Honeybunn on his scheme.

The plan, in all conscience, was wicked enough. H.M.S. *Ten-yen* was to be bereft of all her dignity and converted into a mere duck-punt. She, a stately bulwark of England, was to attend each morning at one of the many marshes which the duck frequented, and, with her foremast six-pounder gun loaded to the muzzle with old nails and bolts, was to do such slaughter as she listed.

Now, plans have a habit of going agley, but, strange to relate, this one did not. The foremost six-pounder wrought execution the like of which had never before been seen. Duck and snipe became the staple food of the ship.

Gone were the days of stringy chicken and offal-fed pig. The ship's company waxed fat and joyous, while Tremayne, delighted with his new hobby, swore that no sport on earth could compare with duck-shooting with a six-pounder. And so, for weeks, everyone was content, save only the medical officer, to whom gunfire was anathema, and who complained continuously of headaches.

Consequently, he was the only man upon whom the chill of fear did not fall when an official intimation was received that H.M.S. *Ten-yen* was to proceed to Shanghai for the annual inspection of her guns and mountings.

On receiving this momentous epistle, Tremayne had sent for Leading Seaman Honeybunn, who, apart from his position as an evil communicator, was also gunlayer of the foremost six-pounder gun.

"I suppose she's all right?" he asked.

The gunlayer gazed at him in pure amazement.

"All right, Sir?" he echoed. "When you've been firin' screws and bolts from her for the last six weeks? Why there ain't a scrap of riflin' left in her.'

"Surely she's not so bad as that?" said Tremayne.

"You come and have a look at her, Sir," said the gunlayer.

So Tremayne walked forward, and examined the damage for himself. It was only too true. From breech to muzzle the rifling was ruined.

"Whew!" whistled Tremayne; "I didn't think she was so far gone as that."

He retired aft much perturbed, and ordered a cocktail from the Chinese steward. Then, because delay could not help him, he gave the order to raise steam, and in due course cast off from the bank, *en route* for Shanghai and court-martial.

Gloom reigned everywhere—since Tremayne, like many another man of disreputable character, was beloved of his crew—until, at the end of twenty-four

"The Quoins"

THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PERSIAN GULF

Photograph by an Officer of H.M.S. Fox

In the Straits of Hormuz, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, lie three guardian islets called "Saiana na Binataha," but more commonly known to sailors as the "Quoins." A lighthouse has long been needed on one of them, and above we give a picture of the building of one now in course of construction on the "Little Quoin," 170 feet above the sea. One hundred and forty men are engaged upon the work, which will shortly be completed. In the offing is H.M.S. Fox

hours, Leading Seaman Honeybunn, stuttering with a combination of excitement and nervousness, produced yet another nefarious plan.

. . . . . .

The Naval Ordnance Officer came on board looking as *debonnaire* and beautiful as Ordnance Officers invariably do.

" Mornin', Sir," he said as Tremayne received him. " Hot day, ain't it ? "

Tremayne agreed.

" Your inspection's only a matter of form, Sir," went on the Ordnance Officer ; " couldn't be much more, could it, considerin' you haven't fired a shot since I saw you last ? "

" How do you know I haven't had a brush with the pirates ? " put in Tremayne.

The Ordnance Officer chuckled with delight.

" You always *would* have your little joke, Mr. Tremayne," he said ingratiatingly. Then, turning to business, " Which gun shall I do first ? "

" Oh, the after one—its nearest ! " suggested Tremayne lightly, and led him there.

The Ordnance Officer opened the breach and gazed through the bore, played for some moments with his instruments, fiddled with the mounting, and finally announced that the result was " O.K."

" Splendid," said Tremayne. " Now come and have an iced—ah—lemon-squash before you go forward."

" Thanks," said the Ordnance Officer, " I don't mind if I do. Just the weather this for—ah—lemon-squashes."

Then they both chuckled and retired below.

Tremayne ordered drinks, and having settled the Ordnance Officer comfortably, whispered to him confidentially the state of affairs between the doctor and himself. The Ordnance Officer nodded gravely, whereupon Tremayne further informed him that no doubt the doctor was dying to converse with someone, and, therefore, that when the Ordnance Officer had finished his first drink he would turn him over to the Medical Officer for further entertainment.

So the suspiciously yellow " lemon-squashes " sizzled into the glasses amidst great lumps of ice, and from the glasses found their way in due course down their pre-ordained channels. Then Tremayne excused himself, and left the doctor to command the situation.

Now, Surgeon M'Gregor, as we have said, had hardly spoken to a soul for months—at least, not a kindred soul—so, ordering more drinks, he began to pour out his woes into the sympathetic ear of the Ordnance Officer, and from his woes the conversation turned naturally to Theosophy. Whereupon the Ordnance Officer, being a Primitive Methodist, turned the conversation into an argument, which waxed hot and strong.

Only once did they leave their topic even for a moment, and that was when a hollow crash sounded from the deck above.

" What's that ? " inquired the Ordnance Officer.

" Oh, only getting out stores, I expect," replied the doctor. " But look here, talking of Karma——"

And then the discussion started anew and continued happily. At last, however, the Ordnance Officer glanced at his watch.

" Sorry," he said. " We've had a heavenly talk, but I must be getting going now, or I'll be late."

They shook hands warmly, and the Ordnance Officer, with a considerably more sprightly step than before, gained the deck and rejoined Tremayne.

" Now for that forrard gun," he said.

Tremayne led him along.

The Ordnance Officer glanced through the beautifully rifled bore, and announced that there wasn't much wrong there.

" Righto," he said, after a brief examination, " that's all I want to-day."

He picked up his bag, but Tremayne, in the delightful realisation that, momentarily, at any rate, the cloud of fear was lifted, refused to allow him to depart without some further mark of esteem and regard. So they returned once more to the wardroom, and there not only did they seal their friendship with many and various liquid decoctions, but the Ordnance Officer invited Tremayne to come ashore and see the sights with him that night ; " and would the doctor come too ? "

The doctor looked at Tremayne, and Tremayne looked at the doctor. Then, quite quietly, they shook hands, and swore that each at bottom was a jolly good fellow. Whereafter they ordered more drinks.

Then the doctor rose to his feet, and gave them a long and learned lecture on the subject of Theosophy, which, by this time, they were altogether too overcome to resist. So they listened to him for quite a long time, and might have listened to him even longer but for a sudden interruption.

There was a knock at the wardroom door.

" Come in," said Tremayne.

A head showed round the door—the head of one Honeybunn, a Leading Seaman.

" 'Scuse me, Sir," he said, " shall I shift them guns round again now ? "

A look of deadly horror spread over his face as he caught sight of the Ordnance Officer.

" Why, I thought he'd gone——" he gasped.

The look of murderous hate on Tremayne's face rent the last vestige of his self-control. He fled. . . .

It was fully ten minutes before Tremayne sufficiently mastered himself even to gaze in the direction of the Ordnance Officer. He knew that court-martial was a certainty now, and that they would have no mercy on him. He saw ruin staring him straight in the face, and then, while he still sat with his head between his hands, a strange sound came to him.

For a second he could hardly believe his ears. But at last, with a mighty effort, he looked up. The Ordnance Officer, under the combined influence of many, many " lemon-squashes," was sleeping.

" Thank Heaven ! " murmured Tremayne, wiping his forehead with a shaking hand. " Never, never again will I be led from the straight and narrow path."

. . . . . .

It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that, during a purely local storm some three weeks later, H.M.S. *Ten-yen* lost her foremost six-pounder gun overboard. Such a thing had never happened before, and has never happened since, to any of His Majesty's ships or vessels, but the evidence of Leading Seaman Honeybunn—who actually saw the gun torn from its mounting—was so conclusive that the Court of Inquiry not only reported favourably on the whole incident, but also added a rider expressing their appreciation of Lieut.-Commander Tremayne's splendid display of seamanship in saving his ship at all.

Such is the reward of evil-doing ! RICHARD PINK

NEXT WEEK—
"SERPENTS IN EDEN"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

Peeps Behind Scenes

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

FOXY UNCLE (showing his nephew the way to buy curios): "There you are, you see. When you're dealing with people like that just argue the point a bit, and down comes the price £2"

THE CURIO DEALER: "There you are, my boy, when you're dealing with a man like 'im, and you see 'e's going to argue the point a bit, all you've got to do is to bung the price up £5 to start with"

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE: "Go on, hop behind your screen. This sounds like another client"

BY FRED. BUCHANAN

In the Ivory Market, Zanzibar

Though most people at the moment connect the island and town of Zanzibar, off the East Coast of Africa, with things ecclesiastic and episcopal, yet it has another important interest, inasmuch as it possesses the chief ivory market of the world. The tusks of elephants shot in the interior of Africa are brought down to Zanzibar to be bought and shipped all over the world. The enormous size of some of these elephant tusks can be judged from the photograph above by comparing them with their salesmen in the market

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE STOLEN PREMIER

IT'S preposterous," said Mr. Hufnagel, the Premier.

"Absurd," agreed Mr. O'Malley, the Minister of Labour.

"Quite out of the question," echoed Mr. Jones, the State Treasurer, "and so I told Anson, as soon as he mentioned it."

"And what did he say?"

"He quite agreed with me, of course. Said it was such an ideal that it would have to remain one."

"It seems a ridiculously small sum to ask," said the Premier thoughtfully, "a hundred pounds for kidnapping three people."

"A trap. Obviously a trap," said the Labour Minister.

"I gathered from General Anson, even while he pooh-poohed the whole thing, that this Wilson is the sort of man who does that sort of thing for the pleasure of it. Besides, you mustn't forget that he wants twenty pounds a day for their keep, besides the cost of chartering the vessel."

"That alters the position. It would come to something very considerable."

"Paid, of course, out of the Secret Service Fund," suggested Mr. Jones.

"Let me understand," said the Premier, drumming upon the table with his fingers. "What exactly does this man offer for the sum you have mentioned?"

"To put those three—Corbett, Steinkopf, and Mrs. Welsh on board some vessel—not fitted with wireless—to take them for a pleasure cruise for, say, three months—and ——but, after all, why go into particulars? Anson kicked the man downstairs, as soon as he made the suggestion. And I, of course, agreed with him."

"Of course," agreed his colleagues in a breath.

"But what certainty would there have been—speaking hypothetically, that our names would have been kept secret?"

"It seems almost too ridiculous even to talk about hypothetically," said Mr. Jones. "I gather, however, that we should have not appeared in the matter at all. All that would have been necessary would have been for us to have given our consent, in, say, a letter to some third party, Anson, for instance, to meet these three at a secret conversation, or series of three conversations, at some place where we should not be likely to be seen—Anson has a villa, you know, on the shore, about three miles out—to see if some arrangement could not be come too."

"There would certainly have been no objection to that," said the Premier.

"Quite the contrary," agreed the Labour Minister.

"The rest is, of course, quite out of the question," said the Premier.

"Quite," agreed the Labour Minister. "This—this desperado. Would he want—would he have wanted all the money in advance, or after the three months, do you suppose?"

The difficulty that the inner circle of the Ministry was met to face was one very unlikely to occur in England, while the remedy hinted at by the State Treasurer would have appeared inconceivable coming from a responsible Minister anywhere within the British Empire. But the Republic of Atlantis, although its citizens are mostly of British descent, long since broke the ties binding it to the Mother Country, and although based upon British common-law, its laws are interpreted in a very different spirit. Briefly to put it, the Ministry was met to consider the best means of killing a child of its own rearing. After many years in opposition it had, at the previous general elections, regained office by the acceptance of pledges so catholic and so far-reaching that the oldest and most experienced of political bosses trembled at the thought of their coming home to roost. With the single exception of the business community, which supported the former Government, not a class, a party, or a group but was promised the immediate fruition of every ambition it had ever cherished. The Land Party—(consisting of the old Colonial Aristocracy)—the Travail Party (corresponding to our I.L.P.), the Feminists, the Secularists—each and all of them were induced to come into the Progressist Coalition—with the desired result of a three-figured majority in the Legislative Assembly. Unfortunately, scarcely had the spoils of office been allocated—a task of the greatest delicacy—than it became evident that, in flat defiance of all political precedent, the various components of the coalition had accepted the Ministry's promises at their face value. The Land Party, or Right Wing, at once proposed measures which, if carried, would have out-feudalised the feudal system. At the merest hint of opposition the party leaders declared their intention of resorting to force to obtain their wishes, quoting the election-addresses of the State Treasurer as their full and sufficient justification. The Travail Party proposed the compulsory enforcement of the right of sabotage, and, when the Ministry hesitated, proclaimed a general strike for the month following, and publicly appealed to its supporters to shoot down every blackleg and to dynamite the property of all stiff-necked employers, justifying such measures by the extracts from speeches delivered by the Premier at the recent elections. So it was with the Feminists, the Aquapuritans, the Grandsons of the Republic, and other formidable sections—of whom the Feminists—or women who demanded to be freed from the obligation to vote—were the most intractable. Their leader, Mrs. Effie Welsh, it

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was who precipitated the crisis. Having been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for blinding her baker's boy with vitriol while delivering bread, as an object lesson —to use her own words—she thereafter consistently refused to wash herself until released, which she was accordingly at the end of the first week.

" I wish to goodness," said the Premier, irritably, " I wish to goodness that ass Anson would——"

" Would ? " inquired the Labour Minister provocatively.

" Would do his own dirty work."

" Take the responsibility upon his own shoulders, you mean ? "

" I mean nothing of the sort. I mean that the man is an old soldier —with the most disgusting ideas about everything."

' Exactly," murmured Mr. O'Malley. " And, of course, if he did anything so—so preposterous—and it came out, he would not remain Minister of War very many days afterwards."

" A consummation devoutly to be——"

' The man is too much of a fool," said the Premier. " After all, we had to have one of the Land Party in the Cabinet. And at least he cannot do much harm."

' It seems to me that he might do some good—a great deal of good." Mr. Jones tapped his chin with his forefinger, which, according to his opponents, was his habit when meditating some deed of more than usual villainy. " I have always thought it was a great pity you did not give the War portfolio to my nephew — to Arthur Powell," he said almost below his breath.

" A Baptist minister," said Mr. O'Malley.

' Formerly a lieutenant in the State Militia," countered the Treasurer. " Supposing, purely as a matter of hypothesis, supposing that Anson should resign——"

' In that case "—Mr. Hufnagel spoke with more than common emphasis—" in that case I cannot conceive of anyone better suited to succeed him than Mr. Powell."

. . . . .

Liberty, the capital of the Republic of Atlantis, lies at the mouth of the Freedom River. Large vessels, owing to lack of docking facilities—(the dredging of a navigable channel has been promised by every Government since the foundation of the Republic, but is not yet completed)—are forced to anchor outside the bar and to discharge into lighters — usually owned by supporters of the Government averse to any change. At midnight, some forty-eight hours after the meeting of Ministers, Captain Hardman, the skipper of the Liverpool tramp-steamer, *Gitalong*, announced, to his first mate, his intention of turning in. " Don't you wake me, whatever happens. If the sea-serpent comes aboard, don't you wake me. And remember —you are some kind of a Dago that never learned no Christian tongue nor never will, not until you live to be a hundred. Understand that." And the mate, fully cognisant of the bonus of ten pounds already received, and of the further ten promised at the expiration of three months, understood perfectly. As did, indeed, for rather smaller bonuses, all the rest of the crew, from second mate to ship's boy. " I'm a heavy sleeper, as you know," insisted Captain Hardman. " And if I wake before we have passed Cape Pardo there—there'll be trouble for someone." Although quite a number of things happened, on that eventful night, some of them to the accompaniment of tramplings, heavy bumpings, and even smothered cries, just over his head, it is a fact that nothing disturbed Captain Hardman's slumbers until the *Gitalong* had snored her way, against a head wind that made her pitch most uncomfortably, a good fifty miles beyond where the grey cliffs of Atlantis lay brooding below the horizon.

" Anything to report ? " asked the skipper, opening his eyes, when, after many shakings, his colleague at last succeeded in awakening him.

The mate glanced swiftly round him, as though fearing eavesdroppers. " Say, sir," he whispered, mysteriously, " how many boatloads were you expecting ? "

Captain Hardman was famed for his expletives. When he had exhausted them, " One, of course," he said, " how many do you suppose ? A hundred ? "

" That's what I thought," said the mate. " Anyway, there's two aboard."

" You've been drinking," said Captain Hardman, succinctly.

" That's what I thought," agreed the mate heartily ; " but all the rest of the crew have seen them too. Two boatloads. Three in each. They're all of them—offering up their immortal souls just now." And the mate, who was an ardent Catholic, crossed himself devoutly.

" If the General chooses to send a hundred it's all one to me," said the Captain comfortably. " He pays his money and——"

" You don't mean to say you forgot you were a Dago ? "

" I haven't forgot nothing, and I didn't remember nothing, neither," said the mate heartily, unconsciously declaring himself a Bourbon, " but all I can say is——"

He had no opportunity to say it, whatever it was, for even as he spoke a tide of angry humanity burst the door and surged into the captain's cabin. It was led by the Prime Minister of the Republic of Atlantis, but very much the most formidable was Mrs. Effie Welsh, " General " of the Feminist Party. It would be impossible to record their protests, seeing that they all spoke at once and at length, Mrs. Welsh proving at once the loudest and the longest, but the sense of their protests was that one and all accused Captain Hardman of kidnapping them: of illegally imprisoning them, and of, legally speaking, assaulting them, contrary to the laws of the Republic of Atlantis.

Captain Hardman, as I have said, possessed the gift of words, but he restrained himself nobly. Instead of replying, he contented himself with motioning at his mouth and ears, in the accepted manner of signifying that you are deaf and dumb. This proving impotent to reduce chaos to order he produced, from beneath his pillow, a pencil and tablets upon which he wrote, with a slow earnestness, the words, " What are all you lunatics doing in my cabin ? Go forward, or it will be the worse for you."

Immediately up rose another Babel of explanations, recriminations, and threats, to which the Captain paid no overt attention, beyond extending his pencil and tablets invitingly. So at last he received a reply, written in a very agitated hand, which ran, " We are the Prime Minister, the State Treasurer, and the Labour Minister. We have been kidnapped and brought here against our wills. We demand that you return instantly." Similarly, the remainder of the party declared themselves, by hand of write, as Mr. Corbett, Mr. Steinkopf, and Mrs. Effie Welsh, brought on board under similar unhappy circumstances and equally determined upon

(Continued on page 318)

Magic-Wonder-Mystery!

The Ancient Eastern Charm.

IN response to the advertisements announcing the wonderful Eastern Mascots "TOUCHWOOD," we have received thousands of orders for both the mascots and the bangles, and they still keep coming. We had no fewer than 100 to 120 callers alone in one day. Some purchased one, some two, and some even half-a-dozen. Each one delighted with little "Touchwood."

There are still thousands who have not seen the anouncement, and have not yet obtained this wonderful luck bringer. We suggest you get one or more—you will never regret the small sum you spend on it. Better still—we shall be delighted if you are able to call—for seeing is believing.

The history of this little mascot dates back thousands of years—in fact, nobody knows how old he is, for right back in the very beginning of things he seems to have been used and believed in as a bringer of good luck, happiness and prosperity; the Eastern people call him their Holy Charm, because his little head is made of sacred oak, with arms and legs either in gold or silver, with most curious brilliant eyes, which seem to follow and stare at one until almost out of sight. The Eastern people say it is with his eyes that he protects the wearer and averts ill-luck.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA was so interested in this wonderful charm that we were COMMANDED TO SUPPLY HER with a number of them.

In America, from East to West, they are in great demand, and are worn by thousands of men, women, and children on guards and watch chains and specially designed expanding gold bangles. Even the men adopted the bangles, and quite a number are seen wearing them.

A number of lucky mascots and bangles are offered to readers at the following prices:

Lucky Mascot set in gold, 5/6 each.

Lucky Mascot set in silver, 1/6 each.

Lucky Mascot set in gold, with real ruby eyes, £1 1s. each.

Ladies' Silver Bangle, with lucky silver Mascot attached, 3/6 each.

Ladies' 9ct. gold Expanding Bangle, with lucky Mascot in gold attached, 15/6 each.

Specially designed Guards (56ins. long), 9ct. gold, £1 2s. 6d. extra.

All these are packed in velvet-lined leather cases and sent post free.

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DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE OF MAKING 1914 YOUR LUCKY YEAR.

Varnish yourself

all over, and you will die in a very few hours

So the wise men of science tell us. They say that if the pores of the human body be completely stopped up, death is certain to ensue—so vital is it that the pores be kept open.

Few of us, perhaps, have ever thought of the importance of our pores in just this way. We know that the skin gives off poisons, and receives "ventilation" for the body.

Yet many of us fail to use these millions of little gateways to our nervous and muscular systems as entrances for new vigour and health. We bathe with soap and water. But we are apt to forget that a little mustard added to the bath feeds extraordinary benefits to the nerves, muscles, and circulatory system.

The peculiar action chemically set up by the combining of the powerful mustard oils with water makes the mustard-bath excellent for driving out colds, soothing weary nerves, and restoring tired muscles. The more sceptical you may be, the more genuine will be your delight when you have tried a mustard-bath

Colman's Bath Mustard in the bath cartons is specially prepared so that the mustard mixes at once with the bath water. Or take two or three tablespoonfuls of the ordinary Colman's Mustard, mix it with a little cold water, and then stir it around in your bath. Have you Colman's Mustard in the House? An interesting booklet by Raymond Blathwayt, with samples of Bath Mustard, will be sent free of charge on application to:

J. & J. COLMAN, LTD., NORWICH.

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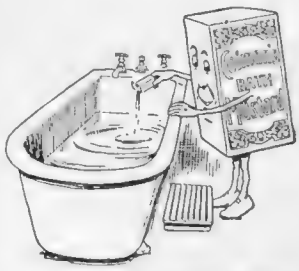


'Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath.'

(*Continued from page 316*)

redress. For all reply whereto Captain Hardman wrote laboriously, "I don't believe a word you say. I believe you are stowaways. Unless you leave my cabin I shall order you to be put in irons. I am bound for Ambara, in the Gulf of Malacca, and you will be expected to work your passages if you don't behave yourselves."

There was only one appropriate comment, and Mrs. Welsh it was who made it. "And to think," she said, "that I haven't got so much as a pint of vitriol about me. Or even a stick of dynamite."

. . . .

It was not until nearly three months later that Mr. Hufnagel and his companions in misfortune found themselves once more in Liberty, after more adventures than need be here related. From the few newspapers they had been able to obtain at Ambara before starting upon their return voyage it appeared that nothing worth record had occurred during the outward voyage, nor was there any mention of their absence from the seat of Atlantean Government.

The members of the Ministry had agreed to preserve their *incognito* until they knew the precise position of affairs, public and domestic, and it was accordingly without announcement that they were ushered into the presence of General Anson, the War Minister, upon whom all agreed in putting responsibility for their plight.

"Villain," they exclaimed in unison, as he looked up from his desk on their entrance.

"So you've got back," he said, with a pleasant smile. "Hope you had a pleasant trip. What sort of weather did you have? You, Hufnagel, are a pretty good sailor, I think."

"I was quite horribly unwell," said the Premier, with a reminiscent shudder. "I might have died. And now, what have you got to say for yourself, sirrah?"

"Everything has gone on excellently," he replied, with his genial smile. "Just received the monthly analysis from the Board of Commerce. It seems that exports have gone up——"

"Be silent, sir. I demand to know if you were responsible for this—this outrage?"

"Of course I was. I made sure you would have known that."

"You were. You—you have the audacity to admit it?"

"Something had to be done. You know that yourselves. Or there would have been a revolution. I don't like revolutions. And, you see, it was impossible to do anything at all, while you were about, not to speak of the Corbett-Steinkopf-Welsh combination. You were bound with so many pledges, you see—and being honourable men, of course you—well—you were bound by them. I wasn't. So I arranged the little excursion for you. I only hope Hardman treated you decently. A good fellow at heart. But rough, rather rough, I admit, if you get on the wrong side of him."

"But—but——" stammered the kidnapped three, taken aback by his calmness. "What has happened in the meantime?"

"Happened? Oh, nothing much. There aren't any more crises. I saw to that. The strikes are over. I saw to that, too. And we had an unanimous vote of confidence in the Assembly, when was it, last Friday. You see, with the leading agitators out of the country——"

"Are you referring to us, may I ask?"

"Of course not. To Corbett, Steinkopf, and Mrs. Welsh. How are they, by the way? I hope they also enjoyed the trip."

"Steinkopf was in irons most of the voyage," said Mr. O'Malley, not without a certain satisfaction. "He thoroughly deserved them. As to Corbett, he married Mrs. Welsh when we reached Ambara. Or she married him, poor devil."

"And I presume you—you have formed a Ministry in our absence?" said the Premier sternly.

"Good Lord, no. You have been laid up, all three of you, with influenza. There is an epidemic of it on now. You are convalescing fast, though. In fact, it will be quite safe for you to resume public life at once, now."

"And you mean to say you haven't taken the opportunity to—to get behind us?" said the State Treasurer, "I—I don't believe it. It is incredible."

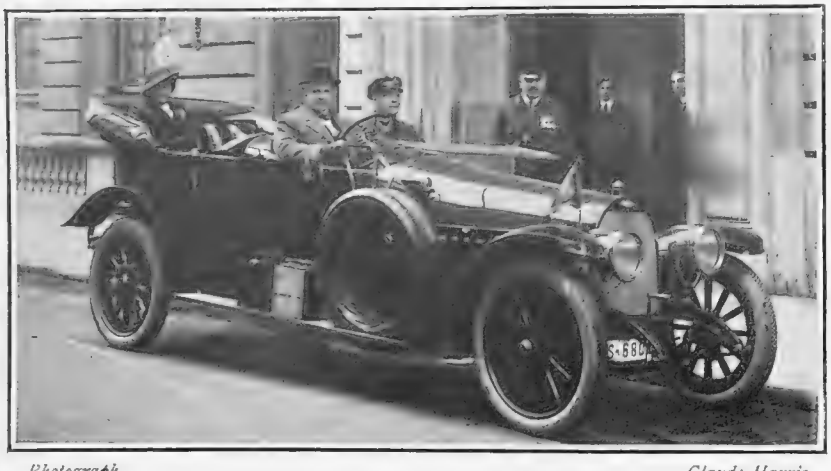
General Anson raised his eyelids. "You see, I am not a professional politician," he said, coldly. "And now, gentlemen, if you will step on to the balcony here, I think you will find that your popularity has not suffered by your absence. As soon as your steamer was signalled I arranged for a little accidental demonstration."

He ushered the heads of the Government on to the balcony. Half the population of Liberty seemed to be gathered in the great square facing the Ministry, silent, eager, as though awaiting something. As the three Ministers, still uneasy, appeared, such an outburst of cheers, applause, and appeals for a speech arose as could have been heard a dozen miles at sea. Certainly the popularity of the Ministry had reached a pitch hitherto undreamed of.

When at last the demonstration was over, the Premier turned to the Labour Minister. "All I can say is, I am damned," he said.

"I entirely agree with you," said the Labour Minister.

"I don't believe a word of it. Not one single word," said Mr. Jones, stubbornly. "The country able to get on for three months without us to direct it—better than when we are here. I say I don't believe a word of it."



Photograph *Claude Harris*

HERR HEINRICH AND FRAU HENSEL

A hitherto unpublished photograph of the famous tenor who is taking the part of Parsifal at Covent Garden, with his wife, in their car

Born 1820
— Still going strong.

—But there is not the slightest difficulty in making up one's mind about the superior quality of "Johnnie Walker"—all that is necessary is just to try "Johnnie Walker" once. Guaranteed same quality throughout the world.

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THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

By RALPH STRAUS

Chelsea

Chelsea is slowly coming into its own. The pageant a few years ago, with that striking poster, first informed the public that the "village" had a past as well as a present. Others besides Carlyle and Whistler had, apparently, discovered its existence, even before it belonged to London proper. Now, within a few weeks of each other, there appear two books on this most delightful of riverside haunts. In *The Greatest House at Chelsey* (Lane: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) Dr. Randall Davies, most painstaking of local historians, tells the story of a house which probably on account of the very interest of its history, no longer stands. The mansion which the unfortunate Thomas More built for himself in 1520 was demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740. Between these dates it changed owners no less than thirteen times—no mean record for a really great house of the old days. Houses may change their owners, and give no reason for a book to be written about them; but the house that More built seems to have exercised a capricious fancy in its owners. Almost all of them were interesting people. After More came the first of all the English Marquises. Later the Cecils owned it. The Earl of Lincoln passed it on to Sir Arthur Gorges, whom Dr. Davies rightly rescues from oblivion. Then came the Earl of Middlesex, and after him the great Duke of Buckingham. Still later another Duke—Beaufort—was its owner, and then finally came Sir Hans Sloane, who collected everything under the sun, and who was a very great man in his way. By-paths of history are worth the exploring. Dr. Davies has a story to tell, and pleasantly interlards it with unpublished letters.

MRS. LEVERSON

Whose latest novel, "Bird of Paradise," has just been published by Grant Richards, and is reviewed on this page

And Yet Again

In Cheyne Walk and Thereabouts (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Reginald Blunt chooses a rather wider field. His Epistle Dedicatory "To the Right Honourable Leonard Henry Baron Courtney of Penwith, in Cornwall," puts one in a good humour, for nowadays nobody troubles much about prefaces. Which is to be regretted. With a very little trouble it is easy to make your preface as interesting as your book. (Some authors do—unconsciously.) The really big people, Carlyle and so forth, Mr. Blunt leaves alone, in favour of the lesser fry, such as Mary Astell, who is worth reading about, and Dr. Dominiceti, who was great on fumigation in the eighteenth century. There is more information about Sir Hans Sloane—this time in connection with his gardener—and Mrs. Carlyle's relations with her housemaid bring a gossipy book to a close. It now only remains for the loyal inhabitants of the boroughs of Putney and Hammersmith to follow in Chelsea's wake.

Mrs. Leverson's Wit

Mrs. Leverson's wit does not desert her. I cannot help feeling, however, that she would make a much better social historian than novelist. There is nothing more enjoyable than a book bearing her name; you know that you are going to be entertained by every page, but the story so obviously is not her first consideration that its inclusion is really not necessary at all. If someone else had not taken a similar title, I would suggest that Mrs. Leverson write a series of essays to be called "London, 1914." However, she prefers to write novels, and her latest, *Bird of Paradise* (Grant Richards: 6*s.*), must go down on your library list. There is a story, of course, but it is the people who succeed in giving to the book its particular character. The people are really charming, even Nigel, who is a bit of a cad. Lady Kellynch is a joy, such a joy that you positively regret when the threads of the story are taken up again and she is left out. And Lady Kellynch's boy is as amusing as his mother. His poetry ought to be printed in the *Spectator*. I might go on writing about Mrs. Leverson's characters for pages, but they must be allowed to speak for themselves. *Bird of Paradise*—a description of the heroine, by the way—is just as entertaining as *Tenterhooks*, and even more up-to-date.

"Gay Morning"

Miss J. E. Buckrose's *Gay Morning* is the story of a family to whom great wealth unexpectedly comes. The Bassets are jolly folk, and Emma's changed circumstances do not alter her character. She is engaged to one Stanley, of the egg-trade, but this is a mistake, which Miss Buckrose sets out to rectify. With the help of Sir Matthew Ford, things are made right, and not even the loss of Mr. Basset's fortune can do any harm. As usual with Miss Buckrose's work, the book is light and amusing, but it is carelessly written, which is a pity.

RALPH STRAUS

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE KING

"Mummy says Lemco and Milk will make a Man of me"

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½ to ¾ teaspoonful of Lemco to ½-pint of warm milk.

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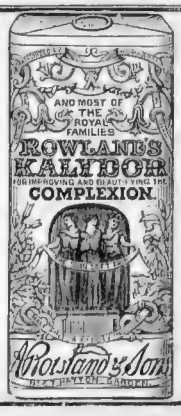

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is sufficient to express in the fullest meaning all that is best in Toilet Soaps. It stands for the highest attainment yet reached in soap production, a fact which

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Of the century and a quarter of its successful history.

Selection from a countless number of Testimonials :—

Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Professor of Dermatology, wrote :—

Matchless for the Complexion.

"PEARS" is a name engraven on the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." It is calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

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The Ideal of Perfection.

"I have never come across another toilet soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection."

Prof. Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., M.D.,

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"I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in the proper proportions. It may be safely used upon the skin of the tenderest Infant."

All of which forms indisputable evidence that the world-wide esteem in which PEARS is held is a recognition won and maintained by Solid Merit.

The Bystander SPORTING COMMENTS

The 'Varsity "Soccer" Match

I EXPECTED Cambridge to win the 'Varsity Association match at Queen's on Saturday, and said so in last week's BYSTANDER; but mine was the prevailing opinion, and, therefore, the only noteworthy thing about it is that, being the prevailing opinion, it happened to be right, since the unexpected so often happens when dark and light blue meet. The match is proverbially unlucky in its weather, and Saturday's encounter took place to the accompaniment of a gusty wind and driving rain; but the play was, nevertheless, very good indeed, considering the adverse conditions, and those who thought otherwise must, I think, have forgotten about them.

***

Where Cambridge Had the Pull

Cambridge won by two goals to one, and would have won by more but for the excellence of Carr, the Oxford goal-keeper, and of Popham, the Oxford captain, at right back. The Cambridge skipper, Woosnam, in the important position of centre-half, was likewise a tower of strength to his side, both in attack and defence, and scored one of their goals. Hegazi, the first Egyptian to gain a Blue, was the best forward on the Cambridge side, and Howell the best on the other, but Hegazi had better men on either side of him, and herein lay the superiority of Cambridge. With better support Howell might have won the match for Oxford, but his *confrères* lacked the ability to aid him in pressing an attack home.

***

Rugby History Repeats Itself

After raising the hopes of their supporters by scoring a try in the first five minutes and holding their own fairly well up to half-time, Scotland were well beaten by Wales in the Rugby International match at Cardiff on Saturday. The Welsh forwards who so nearly brought about the downfall of England at Twickenham a few weeks back, were again in irresistible form, and the two changes made in the three-quarter line undoubtedly added to the attacking power of the side. Scotland were unlucky in having at the last moment to substitute for their chosen pair of half-backs two reserve men who had never played together before, and also in having Sutherland (centre three-quarter) lamed just before half-time. Scotland's only hope was to get the ball out to her speedy wing men, Stewart and Will, and with Sutherland able to do little more than hobble about the chances of doing this became more and more remote. However, I am told (I was not there) that Wales were clearly the better side all round, and that they would have won in any case. I am also told that a question which lots of people are asking is why Fahmy was not played at half-back for Scotland. It is worth recording that Wales have beaten Scotland nine times in the last ten years, and that Scotland have not won in Wales for twenty-two years.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE 'VARSITY "SOCCER" MATCH: A SHOT THAT FAILED

The Oxford right wing misses a good chance of scoring through "making a hole in the floor" in the act of kicking. Cambridge won by 2 goals to 1

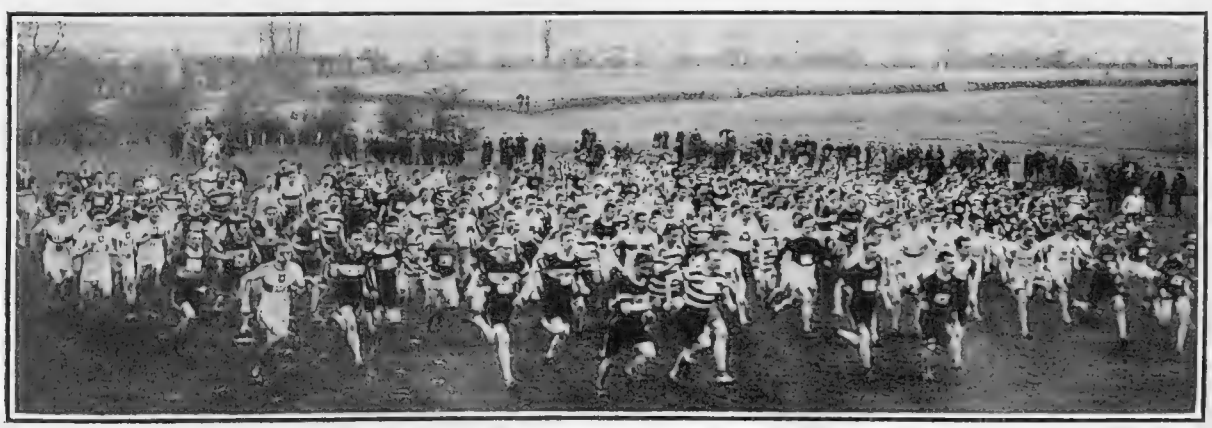
Trying Him Too High

The billiard match between Gray and Newman was spoilt by its one-sidedness. It was too big an order to ask Gray to concede that 4,000 at the first time of asking with ivory balls. As a matter of fact, he only gained a little over a thousand points on his adversary, nor is there much doubt that Newman could have won by a bigger margin if he had chosen. Still, Gray's supporters are not downhearted; he was making better work of his pet shot towards the finish of the match than at its commencement, which shows that the fortnight's practice with ivory balls has not been wasted. But whether he will ever gain the same control over them as he had over the composite article still remains to be seen.

***

Cambridge Beaten—

Cambridge, after beating the Army in the match upon which I commented last week, scored another fine win against the London Scottish three days later; but last Wednesday at Portsmouth they were beaten for the first time since their vacation tour by the United Services. The side



Photograph *Central News*

A RECORD FIELD FOR THE NORTH OF THE THAMES CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

Over 300 runners, representing twenty-eight clubs, took part in this team race at Preston (midway between Harrow and Wembley) last Saturday. The Slough Harriers, repeated their last year's victory, but the Southend Harriers supplied the first man home in H. Bruce, who is a Gordon Highlander

was not as strong as that which beat the Army, whereas the Services, besides having just as useful a pack as the Army, were much stronger behind the scrummage where the international halves, Oakley and Davies (who lost their places in the England team *v.* Wales, but have been restored to them for the Irish match) did great execution.

***

—In Spite of a Fine Rally

The 'Varsity, in fact, were for a time so completely overwhelmed that at one period of the game they were twenty-five points to the bad. Then came a remarkable change. The leaders "slacked off" a bit—as was only natural—and Cambridge immediately rallied. The two great players of the side, De Villiers and Lowe, who had taken such a prominent part in the defeat of the Army a week before, again asserted themselves to such good effect that before the end Cambridge actually scored four times. It was a great effort, but it came too late, even if all the four tries had been converted it would not have sufficed; as it was all the place-kicks failed, and so the Services won by 25 points to 12.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

OXFORDSHIRE *v.* KENT: A RUN THROUGH BY KENT

This county hockey match in the Parks at Oxford last Wednesday resulted in a draw. Oxfordshire scored twice before half time, but in the second half Kent, playing better, managed to draw level

GOLF : By Ernest Lehmann

New Lamps for Old

I regret that I cannot join in the chorus of approval with which the new conditions for the Open Championship have been greeted by those writers who have expressed an opinion on the subject. The old conditions, which have just been consigned to the lumber-room containing so many of their predecessors, had only been in being for two years. Let us examine the reasons which have led to the present change. Last year at Hoylake the entries reached the formidable figure of 269, giving two sections with ninety, and one with eighty-nine players. In each section twenty players and ties for the twentieth place could qualify, so that a little better than sixty players competed in the Championship proper on the two final days.

***

Complaints

Dissatisfaction was two-fold. Members of the club complained that they were practically debarred from using their course for eight or nine days by this horde of Championship entrants. On their side the professionals complained of the stringency of the qualification test, and petitioned the authorities at the eleventh hour to raise the number of qualifiers in each section from twenty to thirty. This request came too late to admit of its being granted.

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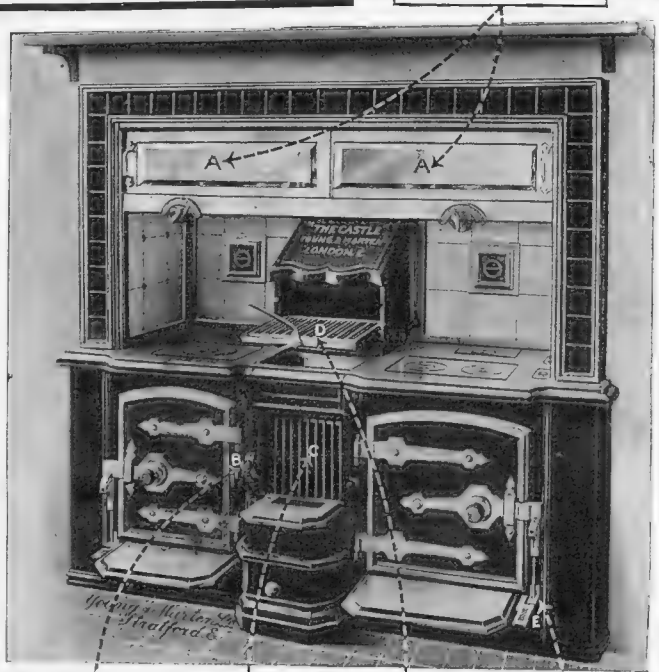

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—which coincides with this Great Exhibition and Sale of White Goods—will reveal some startling developments of La Mode. Ladies should not neglect a visit of inspection.

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A Two-fold Problem

The problem, therefore, which confronted the authorities was two-fold; first to ease the burden for the Championship clubs, and next to satisfy the request of the professionals for easier qualifying conditions. A great deal of ink has been shed, and sympathy wasted, on Duncan, who failed to qualify last year. I say advisedly "sympathy wasted," for Duncan's aggregate for his two qualifying rounds was 163, and this figure only gained him a tie with many others for the 113th place, if all the sections are lumped together, so that he would not even have qualified, *ceteris paribus*, if the new system had been in vogue. Taylor had a squeeze to qualify, but succeeded.

***

The New Conditions

Now we have it admitted by the new conditions that the authorities are prepared to manage 100 players playing two rounds on each day of the Championship. Therefore, they could have amply satisfied the professionals by increasing the number of qualifiers in each section to thirty and by laying down a rule that an entry of 300 for the Championship should be the maximum number allowed to compete. This rule, when necessary, would have had to be enforced by a strong committee of amateurs and professionals supervising the entries and rejecting the obviously unfit. The burden on the clubs, that of having an Open Championship every seventh year, could have easily been eased by adding two or three more courses to the rota,

Photograph *Sport and General*

A. G. BARRY (OXFORD)

Putting on the eighth green at Stoke Poges in the match between Stoke Poges and Oxford. If, as is probable, he is included in the Oxford team to play Cambridge, he will achieve the unique distinction of having played for each University against the other

and so making the Championship come only once in a decade to any club. By doing this the old system, one of the fairest that could possibly be devised, would have been preserved. Instead of that we are now to have entrants qualify by playing one round each on two courses other than the Championship course, and the 100 best scores (ties for the 100th place playing off) are then to play off the Championship on the course of the year by four rounds a week later.

***

Obvious Drawbacks

The objections to the new system are obvious. Players will now have to practise on three courses instead of one, as formerly, and this will entail a much longer stay by the professionals in the Championship district. The extra expense and strain are almost sure to cause dissatisfaction among the professionals. Then what of the clubs not on the rota, and with no compensating Championship glory attached, who are to lend their courses for the qualifying stage? Are they certain to fall in each year with this pleasant arrangement? Again, the luck of the draw, which was reduced to a minimum by the old system, is brought to a maximum by the new one. The variations of the weather may introduce a frightful element of unfairness in the qualifying stage when you have 135 couples playing one round on a single course in one day. Even with twenty couples to each hour the last couple would start nearly seven hours after the first. ERNEST LEHMANN.

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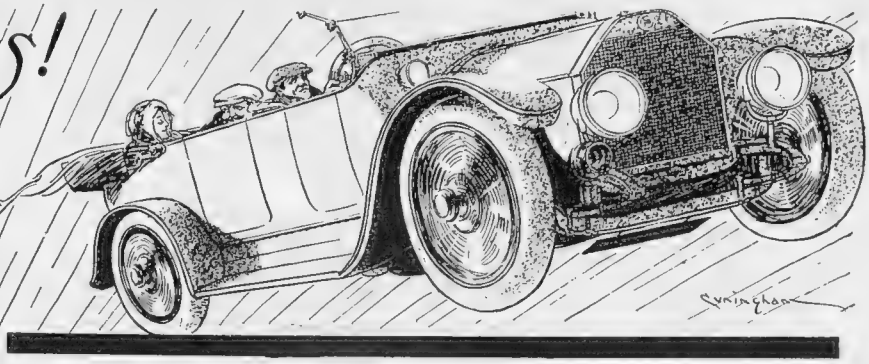

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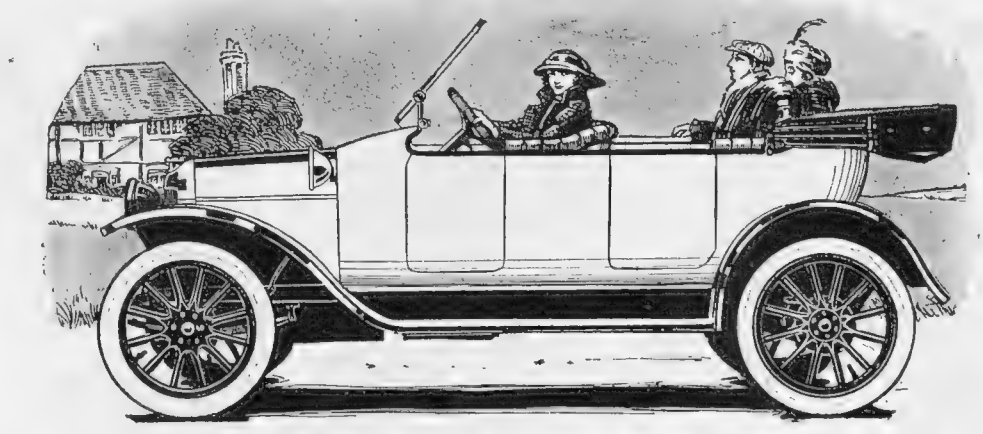

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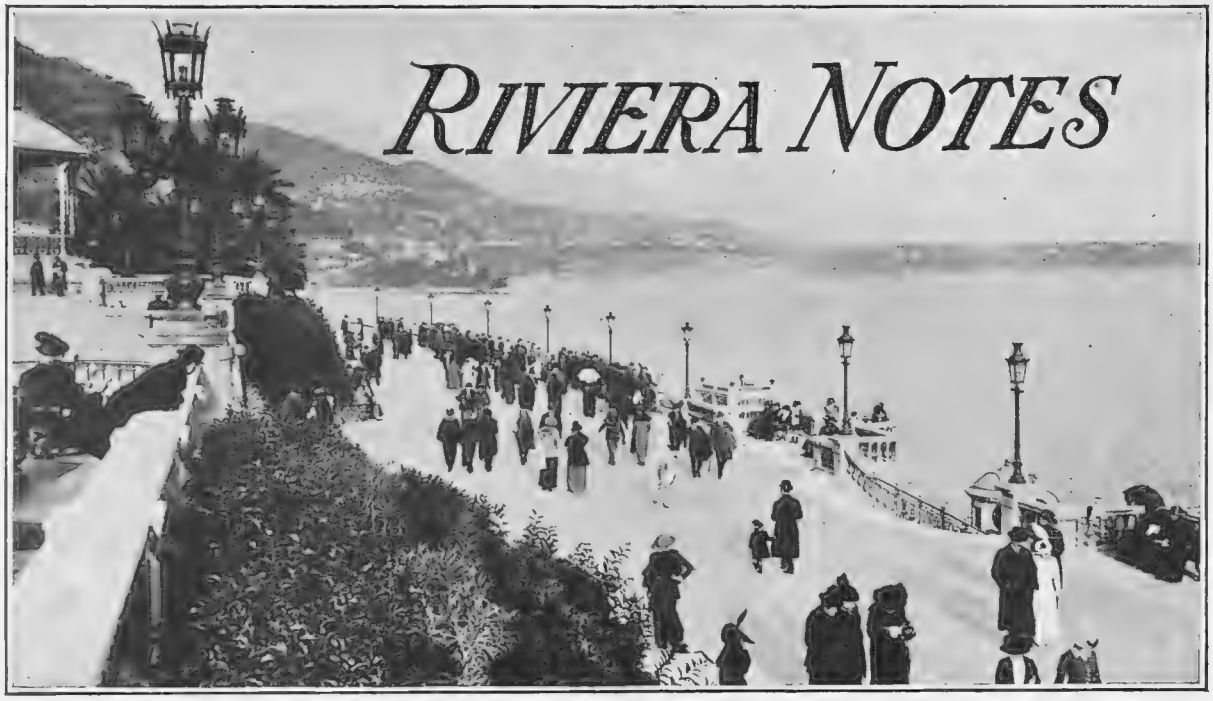

Photograph] THE TERRACE, MONTE CARLO [*Sport and General*

Tittle-Tattle

So far, this season has been wonderfully free from either scandal or gossip. As a rule, by this time of the year we have had a duel or two, one or two threats of action for libel, and enough teacup talk to fill a column of an American weekly. But this winter it is a case of comparative calm, even among the *mauvaises langues*. There has been a certain amount of chatter over the—apparently—careful exclusion of the name of a well-known newspaper proprietor and his wife from the hundred and one *listes des étrangers* which abound on the coast, but that may be simply owing to the fact that the gentleman in question has come here to avoid social worry, though the hotel that he has chosen as a temporary residence scarcely lends credence to that theory. Then we have had a little chatter about the Baronne de Vaughan, who has returned from a trip to Italy, but that amounted to nothing but gossip of the most vulgar description, and there has been a certain amount of tittle-tattle regarding the Frank Jay Goulds, which amounted to nothing at all. The Baron de St. Marc has sheathed his sword to such good effect that M. Mourichon contemplates an early return to the coast which he has deserted for two years, and the absence in other climes of a charming and witty lady, who provided the tea, luncheon, and dinner tables with what looked likely to prove an inexhaustible topic has also checkmated the scandal-mongers.

An Unfortunate Refusal

It was a distinct pity that Commander Evans allowed his lecture at Nice, which threatened to prove a fiasco, thanks to the inadequate arrangements made by a local agency, to appear to be a sort of charity entertainment. As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the kind, the lecturer having some time ago ceased to give any part of his profits to the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in the Scott expedition. It was also slightly annoying for M. Bob, the manager of the Hotel Rühl, who had prepared a wonderful dinner *menu* in the Commander's honour, to have his invitation refused at the very last moment. We have a profound admiration for Commander Evans's pluck during an expedition from which he was exceedingly lucky to come out alive, but one ventures to think that he might have shown a trifle more heroism by tackling a *menu* which would certainly have entirely failed to remind him of South Pole privations!

The Fêtes

The season is now in full swing. Carnival will be with us by the time this sees the light of Fleet Street, and the hundred and one other fêtes and events are succeeding each other day by day. It would be absurd to speak of them in detail in that those who cater for the visitor to the Sunny South decided years ago upon a programme from which they have never since deviated one jot or one tittle. It is, of course, a convenient time-saving method of entertainment, but is it a wise one? In these days, when all of us are more than ever seeking something new, is it quite politic to put the same bill of fare before the Southern visitor each season? We should be quite annoyed if Fleury offered us boiled beef and carrots every day at the Paris, shouldn't we? Is there no one left to devise a new fête? Are we to content ourselves for ever with *corsos Carnavalesques* and battles of flowers? One begins to wonder whether one's children's children will not be throwing violets at one another on the Promenade des Anglais, or listening to Litvinne in the Salle Garnier.

Hotels de Luxe

He who studies the science of hotel-keeping may well marvel at the progress that it makes. When César Ritz first introduced us to the *hotel de luxe* some fifteen years ago people were more than satisfied with an extra supply of bathrooms, a palm court, and a Tzigane band. But such attractions are now, of course, quite *vieux jeu*. A Tzigane band, at any rate, as a sole source of amusement at tea-time would empty any hotel to-day. We must have the band, of course, but we want other things besides. There must be Italian opera singers, American "coon" artistes, Tango-dancers, a space reserved for the amateur to prance about in, and a meal of such Gargantuan proportions that one wonders where the appetite for dinner can possibly be discovered! In saying "there must be" I am referring to the hotels of Nice and Monte Carlo, where they are claiming such entertainment. To provide it pays the hotel company one supposes. I don't know what the profit is on a modern tea, but at the Rühl the other afternoon—the most lavish of all the hotels in the way of entertainment—they served over five hundred of these repasts!

The Anglo-American Invasion

A year or two ago the hotel-keeper of the Riviera was a little bit inclined to sneer at the Anglo-Saxon *clientèle* as forming but a comparatively small proportion of the crowd that swells the winter population of the Azure Coast. To-day he is anything but sarcastic concerning the Anglo-American client, without whom he would be doing very badly indeed.

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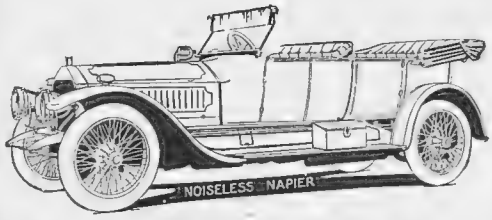

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RACING: Finding the Double. By CARBINE

A Fascinating Pursuit

The fact that last autumn I missed landing the biggest racing coup of my life by the aggravating margin of a head is not likely to make me less keen upon endeavouring to land the Lincolnshire and Grand National double. Grave Greek and Cantilever were my two horses in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and my money was on at the nice odds of 320 to 1. I remember that the system I followed was first to fix definitely upon one horse for the Cambridgeshire, and then to couple him with a few Cesarewitch horses.

Chances of the Top Weights

In looking through the Grand National entry, one finds it very difficult to pass over the two crack jumpers who stand at the head of the handicap, but 12st. 7lb. and 12st. 6lb., the weights they have respectively to carry, are tremendous burdens for this searching contest. If you go into the records of the race you will find that for more than seventy years only three horses, Cloister, Manifesto, and Jerry M., have won the Grand National under such weights, and all three were quite exceptional animals. It may be that Covertcoat or Lutteur III. will prove himself worthy to rank with the champions just mentioned, but, for the moment, I prefer to look lower down the handicap for the likely winner. I find myself quite partial to two horses which are both trained in Mr. Percy Whitaker's stable and are on exactly the same mark. One is the King's horse, Twelfth Lancer, and the other is Lord Derby's Carrigrue. It is very difficult to decide between them. Both have twice won races at Aintree, though not over the full Grand National course.

A Likely Two

I freely admit the Lincolnshire to be a very shrewd problem to tackle six weeks before the date of the race. In a month's time we shall probably know which of Mr. J. B. Joel's three will represent him. I feel sure it will be Happy Warrior, but it is risky to attempt to forestall the arrangements of this stable. Bonbon Rose is a great fancy of mine, and on his Derby form last autumn is well weighted. At present my suggested double is **Bonbon Rose** and **Twelfth Lancer**, with, perhaps, **Happy Warrior** and **Twelfth Lancer** for a smaller investment.

Hurst Park Selections

At Hurst Park, where we shall see the best racing of the present week, I regard **Ragtime King** as a good thing for the Thames Steeplechase on Friday, while **General's Pride** may win the Mole Hurdle Race. Lord Rosebery's very smart hurdler, **Wrack**, and **Meridian**, are other probable winners on this day. On the second day **Kingsborough** is my selection for the Novices Hurdle Race, and **The Waggoner** for the Novices Steeplechase. The February Hurdle Race should fall to **Sensitive Symons**, and the Grange Steeplechase to **Maid Marian**.

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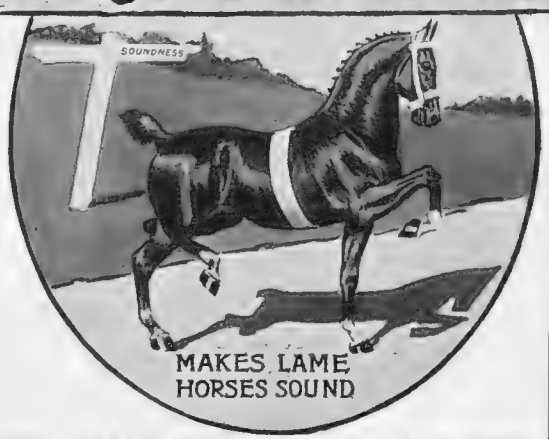

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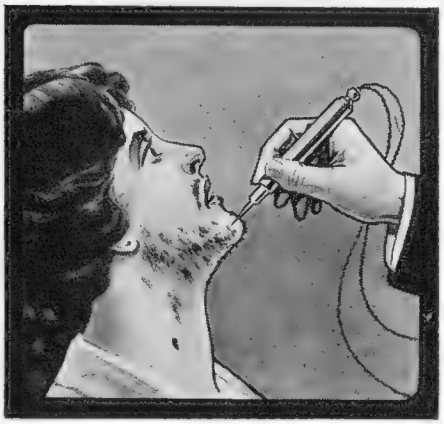
By following simply directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is perhaps needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect on the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process, Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment; but she disclaims all esponsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die, and fall out, and there exists no known means for restoring life to hair roots thus affected.



After she had endured for ten years the humiliation of having a beard and moustache like a man, and after electrolysis, pastes, "lotions," and all other methods had failed absolutely, Miss Firmin killed all her superfluous hair in a single night by the harmless new absorption process fully explained in this article.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all neces ary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1255 F.), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope.

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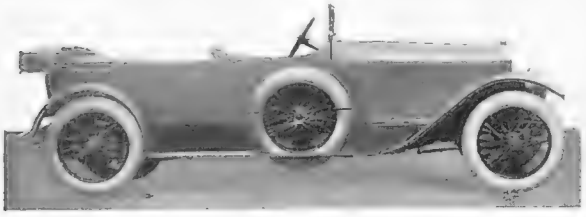

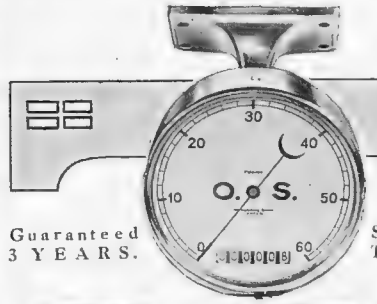

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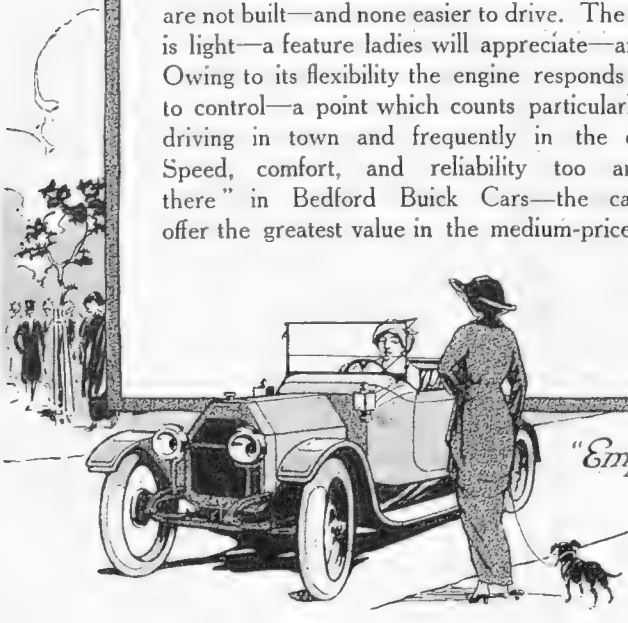

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Grand galleried hall (30ft. by 20ft.), with massive oak beams and rafters exposed to view: 3 reception and billiard rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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of about 29 acres, practically surrounded by a famous Common, and comprising a really charming House approached by a long carriage drive through pine woods, heather, and bracken land, and containing: 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, good offices, etc.; stabling, garage, glasshouses, gardener's cottage.

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EDWIN FEAR and WALKER have since re-sold one of the farms of 200 acres.

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A PHENOMENAL BARGAIN.

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THE HOME OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

NEAR ASCOT and convenient for the River.—A fine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE of HISTORICAL INTEREST, containing: old oak panelling, old chimney pieces, etc., 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, a full-sized billiard and 3 handsomely appointed reception rooms, vestibule, and large lounge hall; LOVELY OLD GROUNDS and well-timbered pasture-land.

5 ACRES.

2 cottages: motor garage; hot-water radiators; telephone, electric light. Price £4,500.—Full particulars of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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KENT (close to main line station; on high ground, 'midst lovely country).—Attractive RESIDENCE: 9 bedrooms, bath, and 3 large reception rooms; tastefully laid out and well-matured grounds and pasture-land with fine oak trees

3¼ OR 2¼ ACRES.

Gas, Company's water, main drainage; gravel soil; stabling for 3 horses, motor garage. GOLF LINKS NEAR. Price, £2,600.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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KENT, in a favourite part, high and bracing.—To be SOLD, a HANDSOME ITALIAN STYLE RESIDENCE, approached by long drive with entrance lodge, and seated in centre of BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PARK, of some 34 ACRES; lovely pleasure grounds, trout, lake, etc.; 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception, billiard, etc.; electric light, Company's water, main drainage; hunting, golf, fishing. FREEHOLD, £7,500 (timber included).—Photo and full details, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

NEAR GODALMING.—An exceptionally charming and sumptuously appointed RESIDENCE: fine entrance and lounge halls, 3 magnificent reception, bath, and 12 bedrooms; lovely old grounds, woodland and pasture-land.

10 ACRES.

Capital stabling; electric light; Company's water, light soil, golf. Photos.

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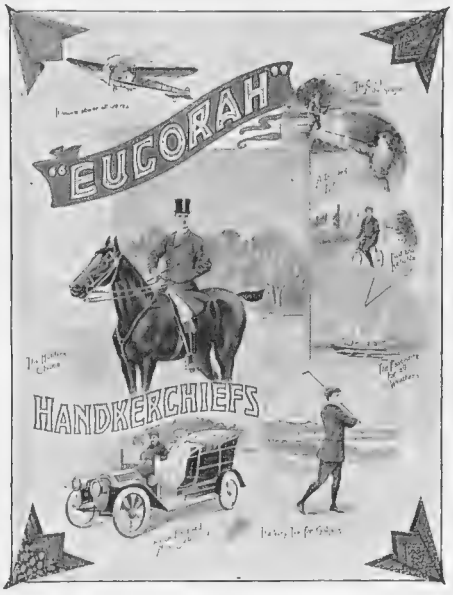

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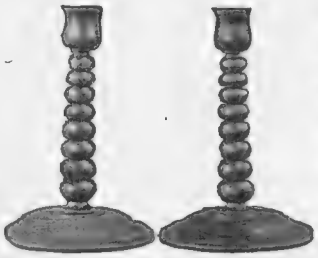

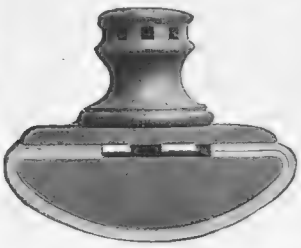

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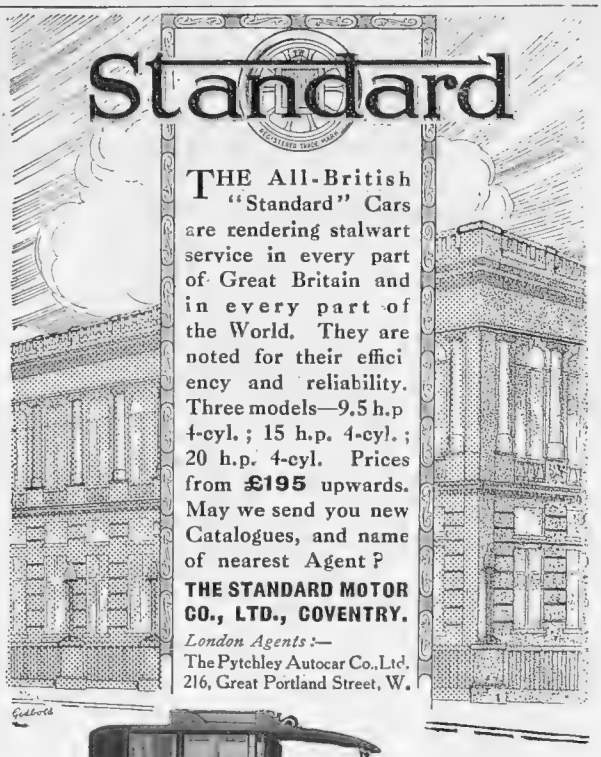

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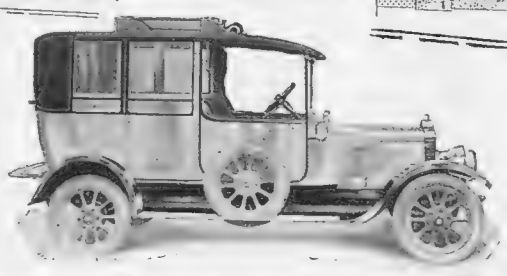

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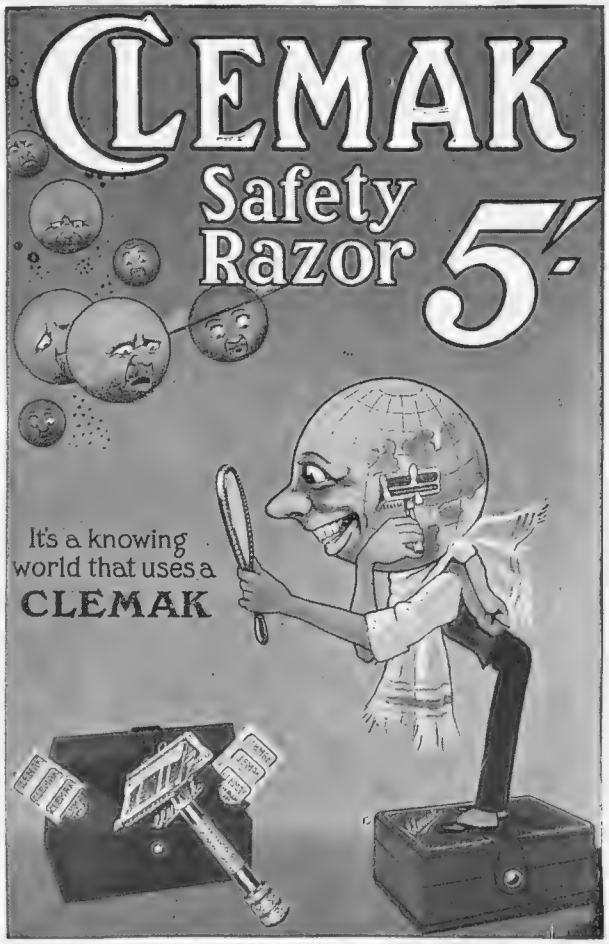

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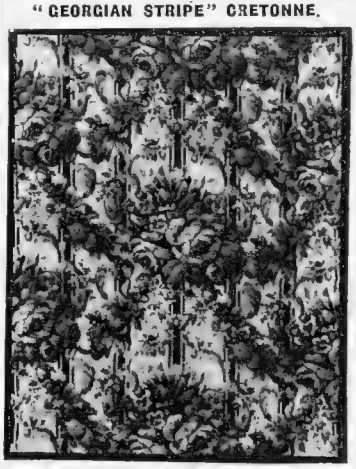

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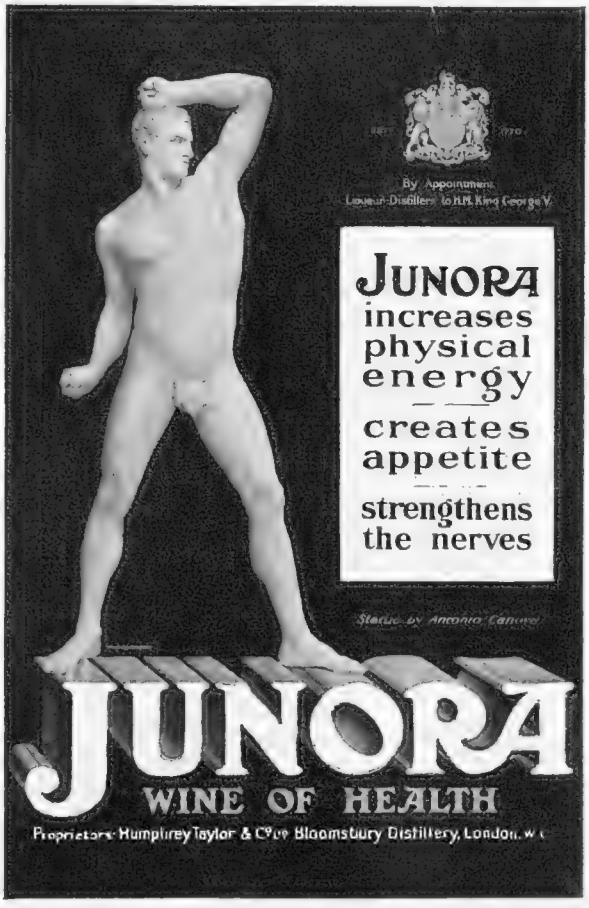

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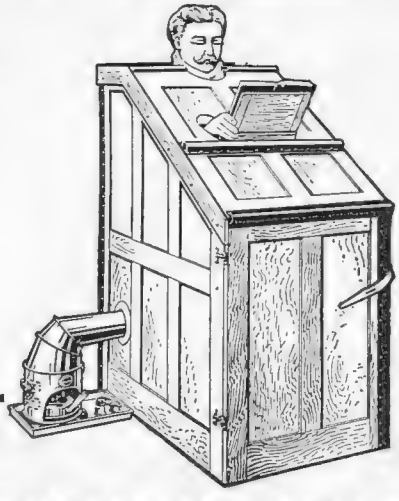

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Just recently we have had the opportunity of reminding ourselves that old England can, and does, produce cars not only equal to the best in the world, but in quantities that make a very material contribution to the total road rolling-stock of the United Kingdom. The entirely casual observer of motoring affairs so far as they find expression in the printed word, may be pardoned if he sometimes supposes that the British industry has been forced to shut down under the stress of competition from without. That is not quite the fact. Very true it is that America makes prolific demonstrations on the homeland highways. Quite stupid it is to read into the recently published export and import figures, or conclude from the reports of any other authority, that the position is changing to our advantage. America this year will doubtless sell in these islands anything over 12,000 automobiles. The Continental manufacturer will probably contribute about 20 per cent. of the rest of the cars (excepting those which come into the "cycle-car" classification or are under 10 h.p.) on the market. The British manufacturer possesses himself of the residuum and of about three to four-fifths of the small-car business. Therefore, although the British industry was never more flourishing, it has quite a long row to hoe before it can fully command its own market.

A Great British Enterprise

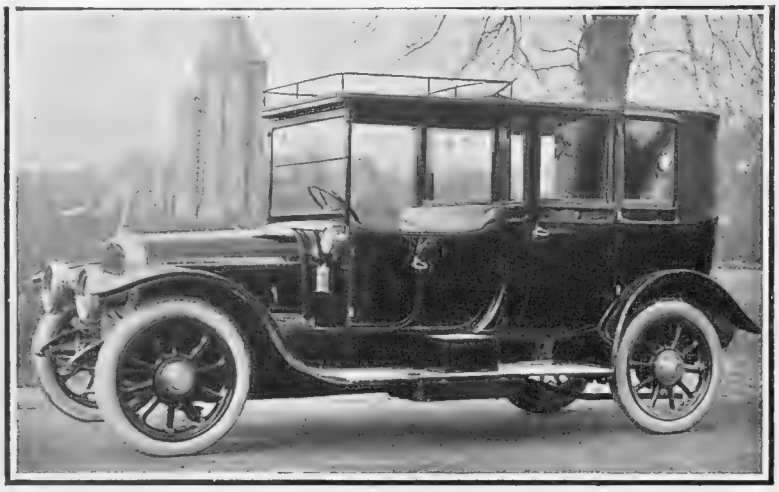
The evidences of our ability to produce against all comers in the arena of high quality were recently submitted in a very convincing form in Birmingham and its neighbourhood. Within a week of one another, two firms with names to conjure with in the automobile world, threw open their works to inspection and displayed the machinery by which they have been able to make their cars something in the nature of pivotal productions, by bringing to focus all the best in motor engineering that could be expressed within the limits of the price. The first of these was the Wolseley, which has just completed extensions bringing the annual output capacity of the plant up to 3,000 moderate to large-powered vehicles, and 1,500 Stellites—which is a small light car of extraordinary qualities. So far as service power (that is, power which can be reduced to terms of economical road service) can be expressed in speed, the Stellite

Mr. L. G. Hornsted used HOBSON POGNON plugs on the Benz car in his recent world's records. They were the *only* ones he could find to stand up to the terrific speed.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

NEAR LAKE COMO

An All-British "Standard" Light Car on tour amid the beauties of Northern Italy

has given splendid evidence of its potentialities in the light car department. All the usual models are too well-known to need particular references here. It is sufficient that the finely extended facilities for production which were well and truly christened in the presence of a distinguished company recently, will enable Wolseleys to make a much larger, if not more indelible, mark, upon the market with vehicles which can be relied upon to uphold the splendid traditions of the house.



NEAT AND TRIM

A photograph of the new 30 h.p. special "Torquay" Austin Landaulette

Concerning the Austin

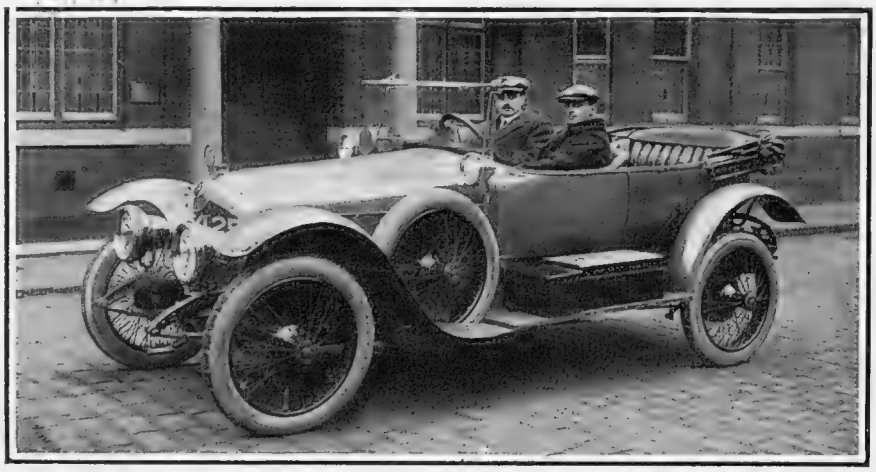
The other firm was the Austin, producing a make of car with a reputation not less than the best in its class and equal to any British vehicle in international repute. The Austin works are not so large as their neighbours, the Wolseley, but they make an equally notable demonstration of how a good car can win its way, upon its performances in private service, to a position of high eminence in the world of cars. The history of the Austin Company is the history of as sound, and solid, and progressive a business as the most critical could wish. Starting from a little plant occupying 2½ acres it has, in a few years, quadrupled itself, all the time maintaining the high quality of its product. It celebrated on this occasion no special development, because its works development is as constant as the growth of its output, and is as continually manifesting itself. All it did was to open its organisation to inspection and to show—what, indeed, we had necessarily to conclude before—that in plant and system, in design and execution, it was as well-equipped as the best, and better equipped than many. The Austin works are now equal to 1,500 vehicles of all kinds, plus hundreds of lighting sets and a good number of motor-boat equipments.

These two companies seem to me to be admirably representative of the best in the British motor industry and to provide all the justification necessary for the belief that the British industry must maintain its position in progressive ratio to the evolution of road transport. There is much more that could be written upon the subject, but in the foregoing there is, I hope, sufficient for present purposes.

A "Clincher"

One other factory—this time the rubber works of the North British Rubber Company, "the largest india-rubber factory in the British Empire." The Company makes most of the articles that can be made from rubber. Its tyre department, considerable though that is, separately regarded, only consumes a small part of its energies. We may fairly judge of the qualitative standard of its other output by the quality of its tyre—known to all motordom as to all cycledom as the Clincher. The highly interesting processes of its manufacture are an education to watch. They explain the secret of satisfactory service incorporated in every cover. The quality of Clincher rubber is not strained. There are some hundreds of tons of it in the works. From that plenty only the carefully selected best for the purpose goes into the tyre department. Thereafter, it is a matter of the best machinery, skilled craftsmanship, and excellent design. In the result you have a tyre of which a maker may be very proud, and with which the buyer may be very pleased.

ZIP.—A perfect puncture healer, guaranteed to cure punctures. Your money returned if Zip does not fulfil the functions of an ideal puncture stop.—Write or call on H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.



LEAVING FOR SWEDEN

Mr. W. L. Sorel and his mechanic Lawrence in a Shelsley Crossley car entered for the Swedish Winter Trials taking place this week on the course from Stockholm to Gothenberg

The greatest testimony to the efficiency of the KLAXON as a warning signal, is that over sixty car manufacturers have adopted it as part of their standard equipment.—THE KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland St., London, W.

SPRING and SUNSHINE

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

International Sporting Club, open, without subscription, to members of leading clubs.

Magnificent Casino, with private Subscription Rooms.

Operas, varied by Operettes, Light Comedy, interpreted by the best European Artists, alternate with those Classic and Modern Concerts which have given the well-chosen Orchestra a world-wide reputation.

Annual Exhibition of Painting and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment, Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute, Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes, Club-house, and Restaurant.

Pigeon-Shooting, Steeplechasing, Flat Racing, Motor-Boat Exhibition and Regattas, Motor-Car Parades with Prizes, Carnival and Public Fêtes, Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Aviation, Lawn Tennis, Venetian Fêtes, Fireworks. &c.

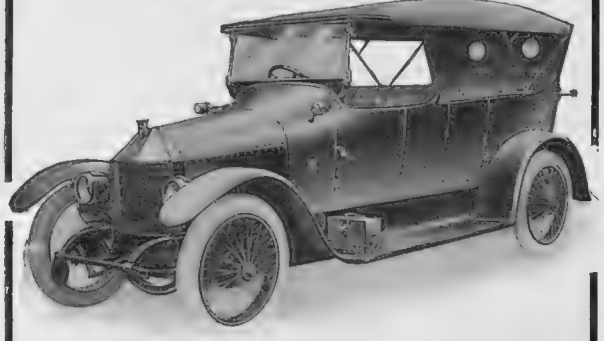
J. MIESSE BRUXELLES

What make will you select for your next car? There are many good cars, BUT there is ONE a little BETTER, MORE RELIABLE and MORE EFFICIENT than the others—The **MIESSE.** Why? Because of expert knowledge in design, manufacture, and material. May we prove this to you?

A card will bring our Illustrated Brochure.
A VISIT WOULD BE BETTER.

2 Models—15/20 & 20/30.

Sole Concessionaires:
HANS MOTOR CO., LTD.,
4, Hans Road, London, S.W.



Gregoire

The Car of the Year.

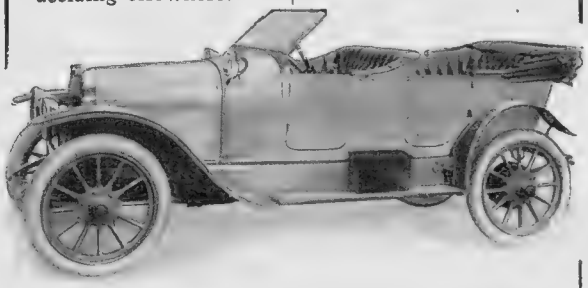
A standard 4-seater 12 h.p. torpedo complete and including Lucas electric lighting set, 5 detachable wheels, tyres and all accessories,

£350

This offer constitutes the highest standard ever reached in the motor world for genuine value-giving.

Every prospective owner should investigate this remarkable offer before deciding elsewhere.

Other Models:
14-16 h.p. Chassis £245
16-24 h.p. Chassis £315
20 h.p. Sporting Chassis £335



Send for full specification, and arrange inspection and trials with sole concessionaires.

BRITISH GREGOIRE AGENCY, Ltd.,
2, Halkin Place, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.

THE CAR OF REPUTE.

Models Complete and Ready for the Road, from £295 to £800

"Gladiator"

12-14 h.p. { Inside Driven Coupé, complete with Dickey Seat at Back, Five Lamps, and complete 12-Volt Dynamo Lighting Set, Tools, Five Detachable Rims, etc. } **£395**

Other Models—15·9 h.p., 25-30 h.p.

For full particulars apply—

VINOT CARS, Ltd. *Head Offices and Showrooms:* 147-9, Gt. Portland St., London, W. *Stores & Repair Works:* 1, 2 & 3, Redhill St., London, N.W.

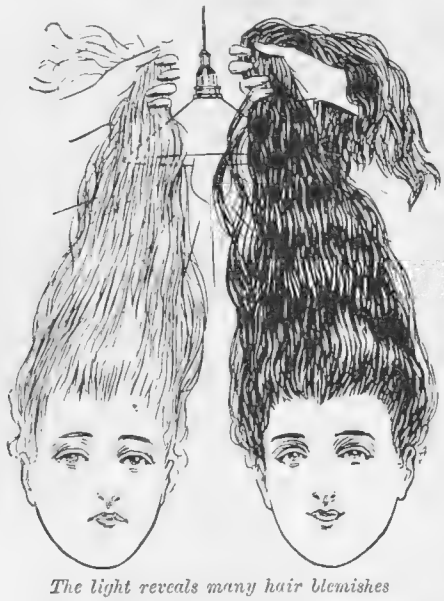
Telegrams: "Vinot, London." Telephones: 6760 and 4762 Gerrard. Telephone: 741 Mayfair.

HAIR-GROWING EXPERIMENTS EVERYONE MAY ENJOY.

A Further Fascinating Chapter in the Romance of Research for Hair Beauty and Health.

HOW YOU MAY NOT ONLY SAVE YOUR HAIR FROM DISEASE, BUT MAKE IT GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL AND ABUNDANT.

MR. EDWARDS, of "Harlene Hair Drill" fame, to-day publishes suggestions for a series of scientific experiments which will enable everyone to test the health of their hair, and if it is weak or impoverished to commence—without a penny of expense—a course of natural hair culture that will assure healthy hair in abundance.



The light reveals many hair blemishes

Readers will remember the startling effect of the Royal Hair Specialist's first experiments. Those announced here are even more sensational.

HAIR YOU COULD WIND ROUND "BIG BEN."

Just as an instance, Mr. Edwards selected a woman's hair grown by "Harlene Hair-Drill"—a beautiful wealth of magnificent tresses that was the admiration of all who beheld it. He compiled the length of her hair, and found it would reach to a height more than double that of the famous "Big Ben" Clock Tower at Westminster!

Many women reading this astonishing statement will doubt that hair can be grown so long and plentifully. Foreseeing this, Mr. Edwards, in order to prove that it is possible for any woman to grow luxuriant hair in splendid length, renews his now famous offer to send, free of charge, a complete hair-growing outfit to all applying on the special form printed below.

YOU CAN MAKE THIS "X-RAY" TEST YOURSELF.

Here is another experiment, a startling "X-Ray" test advised by Mr. Edwards—a test you may carry out at home—which will give you some important information concerning the real condition of your hair.

Sit or stand, facing an electric or incandescent light, hold up your hair as shown in the illustrations—hold it loosely—and look through it. You will discover a disquieting number of "split" hairs, a quantity of dust particles adhering here and there, a twisted entanglement of unhealthy strands, falling hair, and many other signs of hair disorder.

You will also find that whilst some hairs are long, many more are short, and that there is urgent need for you to accept Mr. Edwards' Hair Growing Gift.

AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT EVERY MAN SHOULD MAKE.

Next comes an experiment which men, as well as women, should make, for abundant, free-growing, healthy hair is equally important to both. It will quickly tell you whether your hair is as it should be.

Comb the hair thoroughly on the top, at the sides, and at the back for at least two minutes, with a clean comb. Then lift the hair in various parts of the head and see if there is the least trace of thinning, if the hair is receding from the temples, or if there is the least sign of greyness or loss of colour.

Having done this, examine the comb carefully.

Should you find—and you are almost certain to—the least trace of a powdery dust, or see any hairs, or even one hair, clinging to the teeth of the comb, if the brightness of the comb has been at all dulled in the process of combing, then your hair is out of health and needs a tonic restorative.

Before its condition gets worse send for Mr. Edwards' free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

WHAT YOUR FREE HAIR-GROWING OUTFIT WILL DO FOR YOU.

Post the special application form below, with 3*d.* stamps for carriage and packing, and, without expense or obligation, you will receive the Complete "Hair-Drill" Outfit by return.

It comprises:—

(1) A Trial bottle of "Harlene." This delightful preparation feeds the hair, stimulates the hair-roots, makes the hair soft and glossy, and invests it with beautiful lustre and luxuriance.

(2) A packet of "Cremex." This makes a most delightful Home Shampoo, keeps the scalp clean and comfortable, dissolves Scurf, banishes Irritation of the Scalp, and prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

(3) A Copy of Mr. Edwards' "Hair-Drill" Manual, containing the secret rules which made his fame—the toilet rules which, practised for two minutes every day, make and keep your hair healthy and luxuriant, free from the slightest sign of Baldness, Greyness, or Hair-Poverty.

You can then commence immediately to—

—stop the hair falling.
—rid hair and scalp of dandruff and scurf.
—restore lustre and "life" to the most faded hair.
—stop the hair splitting.
—make the scalp feel clean, fresh, and comfortable.
—and obtain hair strength and beauty.

"Harlene" is obtainable of all chemists and stores, in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles, and "Cremex" in 1*s.* boxes of 7 powders, single powders 2*d.* Or they may be obtained direct, post free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

Examine your comb: it will indicate the state of your hair.

FREE OUTFIT COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send me the Complete "Harlene Hair-Drill." Outfit as offered. I enclose 3*d.* stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. (*Foreign stamps accepted.*)

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

The Bystander, February 11, 1914.

Femina Facts, fancies & fashions

CLOTHES FOR THE LITTLE SEASON

Early Spring Models

THE little season we are just about approaching, and which, in the estimation of many, is infinitely more enjoyable than the later and more portentous one after Easter, is fuller of promise than has been the case for some years. And let us send up a silent prayer that the promise may be fulfilled. The arbiters of fashion are in a singularly advanced position, with their early spring models, and after a survey of several of the leading shops, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the general trend of the moment good. Nor are the new models by any means the eccentricities many would have us believe. The fact of the matter is, Fashion has at last got the bit between her teeth, and will carry us, willy-nilly, into quite a fresh phase of dress. To be watched very closely is the resuscitation of *modes* worn in the 'sixties. These are, perhaps, among what some may please to term extravagancies, simply because the present generation has never seen anything approaching their like before.

Taffeta and Poplin Rival Fabrics

Taffeta is already well re-instated, and is to be seen doing admirable service in the cause of the *habillée* coat and skirt. But this silk and wool fine-ribbed material, which, for lack of better, I have christened poplin, is a novelty. Perhaps it is more of the heavy tussore family, but any up-to-date costumier will know the stuff to employ. I saw fashioned of it a most representative coat and skirt in a delightful brick shade. As are nine out of every ten skirts now, this one was draped, the folds deftly manœuvred to bring a nipped-in appearance at the hem, while somewhere about the region of the hips there was poised a deep-shaped *volant*. The coat, which was modelled without a curve, and fell perfectly straight, took an appreciable sweep downwards at the back, and likewise finished with one of these shaped *volants*. Then, the coat removed, there stood revealed the very frailest thing in blouses I have ever beheld. It was of white fine *plissé* silk *tulle*, that looked as though a breath would blow it away. *Moiré* also is much favoured, and there are some who predict that it will head the list. But in my very humble opinion *moiré* does not achieve the same smart results as does taffeta, or this other yet un-named fabric.

A FINE SERGE FOR MORNING WEAR

In navy blue, relieved by a broad sash of Andalusian striped material, the collar faced with cloth in dull red to match the sash

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

A Riviera Gown

Then quietly pursuing an even tenour of appreciation is a very fine serge. And of such is our pictured original design of an all-in-one gown for morning wear on the Riviera. Navy blue, as elsewhere by the sea, could, of course, do no wrong, relieved by a broad sash of Andalusian striped material, the throw-back cope-like collar being faced with cloth that picks up a dull red shade occurring in the sash, while the little vest thus left revealed is of ivory-embroidered lawn. These Andalusian sashes have a

chic all their own, and, although the disposal of the one depicted, perhaps, verges on the extreme, as viewed from the present point of view, with its great flat bow across the front, the eye will soon become accustomed to such vagaries, and as decorative adjuncts this particular type of sash will eventually be accepted as the invaluable and telling adjunct it is. The accompanying hat likewise strikes a very advance note, and is entirely composed of *moiré* silk. The immensely high wing affair is typical of the skilled, hand-made millinery, now so much in vogue.

A SMART SHIRT
Carried out throughout in white crêpe de Chine
SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Early Spring Millinery

The quest for straw hats has already set in, and foremost among those who foresaw this initial demand is " Osfefa," 8a, Sloane Street, that house of renowned feather fame. The show of trimmed straw millinery here is well worth a visit. The styles are novel, in good taste, infinitely varied, and generally most attractive. The high toque now decreed finds representative expression in a crown of *moiré*, and high upturned brim of black Tagal, the latter sweeping up nearly to the summit of the crown either side, while standing erect in front is a magnificent mount of cross white osprey, each cluster being mounted in a jet cup.

Particularly effective colouring is a *tête-de-nègre* Tagal, likewise boasting a sharp *retroussé* at the one side that is trimmed with a real heron mount. While another black Tagal hat is marvellously manœuvred, the summit of the high crown at the right side carrying a line of Indian red ostrich feather trimming, to which some tips are toned. I thought especially charming, too, the arrangement of some beautiful lavender ostrich plumes on a black Tagal, a low sweep being achieved at the one side and a raised effect on the other. Though what these people do not know about feathers, ospreys, and wings is frankly not worth a moment's consideration. They have the whole gamut of the subject at their fingerends, from A to Z. Their skill in handling renovations of every description is unsurpassed, and, needless to say, like the rest of the world, they are much impressed by the importance of marabout.

A Simple Shirt

Two or three years back it would have been considered ludicrous to apply the adjective simple to such

(Under Royal Patronage.)

How to Become Graceful

A PRETTY CHIN.

HAVE you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to **ELVIRA**, or call at **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.**, when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight.

Madame Elvira, who for many years has so successfully treated her clients, is at this moment a welcome benefactress to those suffering from an excess of flesh. Working with the approval of the Medical profession, she has scored hundreds of successes. Ladies suffering from Eczema, blotchy skins, or indeed any other skin trouble, should place themselves in her hands.

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone 6017 Victoria.

DRYAD METAL WORK
Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl for Flowers, Fruit or Nuts
8-inch diam., 10/6 - 9-inch diam., 15/- Carriage paid/ Wire net for flowers 1/6 extra
Photos of other designs on application. Dryad Works, Y dept., Leicester

UNDER the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" there is as wide a range of difference as there is under the name of "wine."

The quality of a mixture is not improved in the least by putting it into a bottle that resembles **LEA & PERRINS'**, and by giving it a label that imitates the appearance of Lea & Perrins'.

And still there are people who conclude that if the bottle has the appearance of Lea & Perrins', the fluid inside is like Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

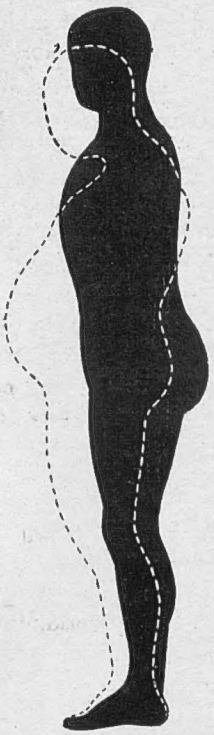
The White Writing on the Red Label:

Lea & Perrins

indicates the ORIGINAL and GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

64

Physical Culture Reform.
Training, Not Straining.



I think the following letter from an Author and Journalist on the staff of an important London Daily Paper will be of interest.

"I can speak in the highest terms of Mr. Harper's System. Already, although I have not had many lessons, I feel much better in health and I have become so much thinner that my clothes will have to be entirely altered. I think this system particularly good for those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives and are inclined to be stout; but I am sure it would also be excellent for the golfer, cricketer, and anyone who plays games, because it would teach him to employ the right muscles with the greatest economy of effort."

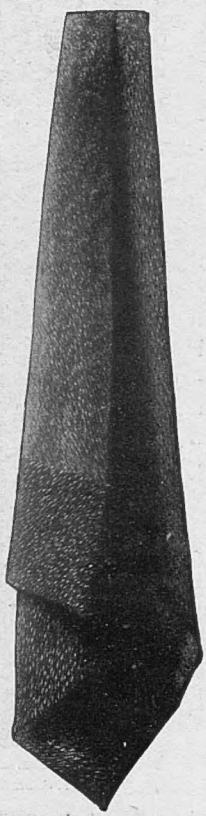
(Signed) F. L.
March 18, 1913.

The following are samples of different conditions I have had under my care, and which have been entirely removed through my system of "Training, not Straining":

Neurasthenia	Internal
Spinal Curvature	Weakness
Chest Complaints	Obesity
Dyspepsia	Insomnia

Etc.

MR. CLAUDE B. HARPER,
35-37, Maddox St., Regent St., LONDON. W.
LESSONS BY POST.



For Fashionable Mourning:

Courtauld's
Waterproof
CRAPE

can be had

(1) in the usual firm finish,

or

(2) in a soft finish.

The latter is particularly suitable for trimming soft DRESS MATERIALS.

To be obtained from the Leading Drapers of the World.

SMOKE
SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

SOLD IN THREE STRENGTHS—
Mild, Medium and Full

5D per oz. **10D** per 2-oz. **1/8** per ¼-lb

A TESTING SAMPLE WILL BE forwarded Free on Application

F. & J. SMITH
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd. Glasgow

S.189.

THE
LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S
SALE NOW PROCEEDING
BARGAINS IN PYJAMA SUITS

No. M 70.—Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, in Grey with Blue or Pink Stripes, Blue and Green Stripes, or Heliotrope and Green Stripes.
4/11 per Suit; 3 for **14/6**

No. M 71.—Fine Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, in Blue with White, Pink, Green or Heliotrope Stripes.
6/9 per Suit; 3 for **20/-**

No. M 72.—Superior Quality Soft Finish Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, a splendid garment for wear, in Blue, Green, Heliotrope, Grey, or Fawn Stripes.
8/6 per Suit; 3 for **25/-**

No. M 76.—Best Quality All-Wool Pyjamas, a delightful garment, well made and finished in Grey with neat Stripes.
10/6 per Suit; 3 for **30/-**
Usual price, 12/11 per Suit.

BARGAINS IN **MEN'S GLOVES.**

No. 51.—Real Mocha, Special Quality, unequalled value. In useful Grey Shade, Pique Sewn, 1 Large Pearl Button.
Reduced to **3/3** per pair.

No. 52.—Real Reindeer, Best English Make, Prixseam Hand Sewn. Very Special Value. In Tan or Grey, 1 Button.
Reduced to **6/6** per pair.

Sale Price List of Ladies' and Men's Departments Post Free on application.
Only addresses— **Post Orders carefully executed.**
45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.; and 82 & 83, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

a shirt as this. But according to latter-day ethics, it is quite permissible. It is carried throughout in white *crêpe-de-Chine*, the deep yoke modelled in one with Magyar sleeves. A feature is the catching of the fronts together by a cord passed through two eyelet holes, the ends knotted in front.

The Detriment of Old-Looking Hands

Like all the outward skin blemishes, this frequently glaring fact of age is, nowadays, taken seriously into account. At all up-to-date manicurists the finishing touch is always supplied in some delicately scented skin softener. Then, of course, there is the liquid white powder, which is all very well for the stage, or evening use, but is far too obvious for day. And when all is said and done, none of these applications get at the root of the matter. Whereas a preparation I have recently become acquainted with does. Its name is "Lilifier," and Mme. Elvira, of 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, is responsible for its production. All who know this extremely knowledgeable specialist do not require to be told that the "Lilifier" is on a par with the other preparations emanating from these *salons*.

PRINCESS AUGUST-WILHELM

Wife of the Kaiser's fourth son, who is generally considered to be His Imperial Majesty's most handsome daughter-in-law, and that, to judge at any rate from this charming new portrait, she may very well be

For Red Hands

In an incredibly short space of time the oldest most wrinkled hands respond to "Lilifier," which is applied while the skin is damp and the pores in consequence open. For merely red hands it is equally efficacious, and, applied to the neck, for evening dress, with a dust of powder, the result is admirable. And, once again, I am pleased to be able to speak of this preparation from personal experience. From the first Mme. Elvira's methods have completely enthralled me. Her keen desire to have the closest investigation made of all her undertakings betokens an assured hand and power.

A White Sale

It is announced that Messrs. Peter Robinson's Annual White Sale will commence on February 16, and last for two weeks. Catalogues can be obtained on application to Messrs. Peter Robinson at their well-known address in Oxford Street.

Genuine Sale
OF SURPLUS STOCK
To-day . . . . to . . . . Feb. 21.

. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock—comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases. etc., etc.
At Reductions ranging to 10/- in the £.

Specimen Bargain, No. 4.
Breakfast Service in Best English China. Fine Antique Shape - Royal Blue Band with delicate Hair Brown Border and rich Gold Handles.
For 4 Persons, 19 pieces, 14/9 Usual Price 21/-
,, 6 ,, 29 ,, 24/6 ,, ,, 35/-
,, 12 ,, 52 ,, 52/- ,, ,, 73/6
If unable to call, write for the Sale Folder.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.
ONLY ADDRESS 39. LUDGATE HILL LONDON. E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

The EARL of SANDWICH, K.C.V.O.
in the following letter testifies to the efficacy of CELMO

CELMO
TABLETS
Used and Recommended by Doctors for the Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, Etc.

"I have derived great benefit from your 'Celmo' and have found it most efficacious as a Remedy for Uric Acid Troubles."

NO DIET RESTRICTIONS.
2/9, double quantity 4/6, post free to any address in Great Britain from CELMO Co.
1, Carlton Street, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Remit postal order or cheque.

SOMETHING NEW IN FOOTWEAR

Smart Styles for Walking and Golfing.

Footgloves

Send for address of nearest agency to Footglove Factory (Dept. B), Stafford.

For Men and Women Best Workmanship and latest Designs

from **14/9** upwards.

Let GLOVER'S be your VALET!

FOR a very modest subscription, GLOVER'S VALET SYSTEM undertakes to keep your clothes in perfect condition, with the least possible trouble to yourself. You simply throw your soiled and crumpled outer clothing into a box supplied for the purpose and this is collected periodically; the clothes are then thoroughly dry-cleaned—**not merely sponged**—tailor pressed, any necessary light repairs effected, and returned in a few days, absolutely as from your tailor.

A month's trial subscription to Glover's Valet System costs but 10/-, and covers all the necessary attention to the equivalent of 4 suits during its currency.

May we send you our explanatory Booklet with subscription form?

GLOVER'S DYEING & CLEANING WORKS

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« Pasteur, Koch, Chamberlan have « established that these essences « produce an antiseptic effect supe- « rior to the chemical disinfectants, « the toxic action of which renders « their use dangerous. »

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There is nothing better than the creamy lathe from PALMOLIVE for beautifying the face and hands.

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PALMOLIVE smells clean, fragrant, and wholesome. It is a solid cake of pure soap. It lathers freely, quickly, and easily—a rich, cream-like lather that makes any water pleasant to your skin.

It took years to perfect PALMOLIVE.

To-day it is the only perfectly blended skin food and cleanser.

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HAIR TONIC

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of all
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The Editor's Box

A Good Cigarette

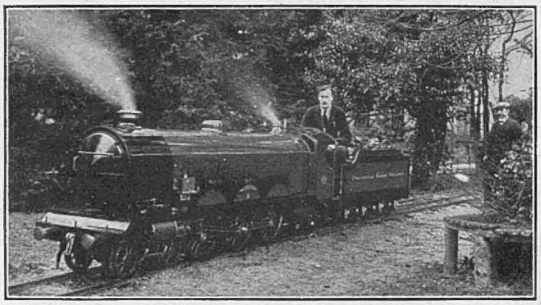
The Marich Cigarette is, indeed, a treat to the enlightened smoker, its delicate aroma, its refreshing and delightful flavour, the excellence of its make all combine to satisfy every sense. Made in Malta of the finest imported tobacco, the leaves cut on the spot, manufactured by highly skilled hands, then carefully packed in tin boxes so that its delicate qualities may be unimpaired by the journey over sea, the Marich Cigarette reaches the consumer, no matter the clime in which he may be, in the most perfect condition. Marich Cigarettes may be obtained through any high-class tobacconist, but should any difficulty be found in getting them readers are asked to communicate with Messrs. Paterson and Co., Billiter Buildings, E.C.

A Dinner

I am asked to say that the Associated Wholesale Newsagents dined at the Hotel Cecil recently under the presidence of Davison Dalziel, Esq., M.P., and during the evening each gentleman was presented with a dainty box of the famous De Reszke Cigarettes.

A Fine Model Locomotive

Model railways, great and small, have for many years fascinated an ever-growing circle of enthusiasts, but only recently have the possibilities of a garden railway—a real railway in miniature—in one's own park or garden been appreciated at their proper worth. Possibly one may hesitate on the score of cost, but nowadays, thanks to the enterprise of Bassett-Lowke, Ltd., of Holborn, it is possible to obtain a 1½in. scale model loco of an engine an eighth of the size of the original, with a waggon and track complete, for £100. This is the standard tank engine, and is a sturdy, reliable loco capable of real hard work. No pains have been spared to make it a substantial and practical engine capable of hauling heavy loads over give-and-take tracks without grumbling.



The Largest Model Locomotive

18 ft. 6 ins. in length and 3 ft. 3 ins. in height, the driving wheels are 20 ins. in diameter, the bogie wheels 9⅜ ins., and the trailing wheels 10½ ins., and the weight is 3 tons. The engine was constructed by Messrs. Bassett-Lowke, Ltd., for Mr. G. P. Howie, and it is here seen in the course of a trial. It will develop a speed of 30 miles an hour and haul 150 passengers

At the Sketch Club

An exhibition of pictures by the late Tom Browne, paintings, black-and-white drawings, and sketch books, is being held at the London Sketch Club, 246a, Marylebone Road, N.W., and will be open until February 14. The exhibition will be open from 12 a.m. to 5 p.m., and on Mondays only from 12 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.

At the Alhambra

Rehearsals are at present proceeding in every available corner of the Alhambra Theatre. This is partly on account of the new scenes which are being added to the most popular of Revues, *Keep Smiling*. They will not be many in number, as the Revue has been kept so up-to-date that it is very difficult to take much out of it without disappointing those who have seen it. Another reason for the strenuous work at the Alhambra is due, of course, to the tour of *Keep Smiling* which opened last week at the Finsbury Park Empire. This company presents a condensed version of the latest Alhambra revue successes, including Earl's Court, Jockey Rag, and We Go Sailing Along scenes from *Kill That Fly*, the Musical Watsons from *8d. a Mile*, and the Telephone Scene, Tangle Tango and Staircase Scene, with many other attractions from the present Revue.

The Menu: Some Entrées of Veal and Chicken

Braised or Stewed Veal

Trim neatly a nice piece of fillet of veal, and put it into a deep casserole dish with some slices of bacon, some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of herbs tied in a muslin bag, pepper, salt, and a bay-leaf; lay the veal in the middle, and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours in the oven, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, thicken it, add a little white wine, and when it has boiled up, pour over the veal, and send to table in the casserole, or if to be served as an entrée in a silver dish, and in that case it would be advisable to cut the veal into neat slices of half an inch thick.

Escalloppe de Veau au Madère

Procure a piece of fillet of veal (the part under the loin is most tender), cut in slices, and beat them very thin with a cutlet-bat, fry until a nice colour in a little butter, and when the cutlets are sufficiently cooked add some sauce à l'Italienne, and simmer altogether for a few minutes.

Sauce à l'Italienne.—Simmer a good lump of butter in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion or shallot, minced mushroom, tomato, and a bay-leaf. Add half a tumbler of white wine. When the sauce is reduced, add half a tumbler of tomato sauce and the same of stock or gravy. Simmer the cutlets in this for a few minutes. Dish up, and serve with spinach à la crême.

Blanquettes of Chicken or Veal

Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, but do not let it brown, add half a pint of hot white stock or milk, by degrees, stirring well all the time. When it boils, put in the veal or chicken, the former cut into rounds not larger than a crown-piece, season, add a little chopped parsley and a strip of lemon-peel, and let it stew gently for an hour. Dish the meat in the centre of a small hot dish, beat up an egg with a little lemon-juice and cream, and add a spoonful of the gravy, then stir it into the rest of the gravy, stir it over the fire carefully, but it must not boil, or it will curdle. Pour the gravy over the veal, and garnish with a border of sliced tomatoes. This recipe is intended for veal or chicken that has been cooked, and makes a delicious réchauffé.

Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in olive oil or butter in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil, and add a minced shallot, let this cook a little, then moisten with some brown stock and well-seasoned sauce. Cover the pan, and stew for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Chicken Soufflé

Take about 3 oz. of the white meat of a chicken, and pound it very finely. Add three beaten eggs, a little bruised onion, half a pint of milk, pepper, salt, a little cayenne and mace. Put these ingredients in a buttered mould, tie it down tightly, and steam it like a custard pudding, keeping it upright. Turn it out on to a dish, and pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round. Rabbit or sweetbread may be used instead of chicken. Emilia